The Outlook

A Family Paper

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THE general confusion which reigns in Turkey and the difficulty of securing trustworthy information are illustrated by the fact that no one knows to-day whether Zeitoun has fallen or whether it is still invested by Turkish troops and crowded with Armenian refugees. Its fall has been several times reported, and the report has in each case been contradicted. Meanwhile it is clear that the situation in Armenia is appealing more and more strongly to the English conscience. Articles in the leading reviews urge the moral necessity which presses upon England for active interference, and Lord Rosebery, the leader of the Liberal party, has printed a letter in which he says that he is haunted by the horrors occurring in Asia Minor; that the Government of Lord Salisbury is responsible for the condition of things, intrusted as it is with practical dictatorship and an armada to support that dictatorship; and that it has misled the country in declaring that the concert of action among all the Great Powers has been complete. The diplomatists keep their own secrets, and it is improbable that Lord Salisbury has been entirely indifferent to the claims of a situation which other Englishmen have felt so strongly. It is not impossible that he has been endeavoring to secure an understanding with Russia which would permit active intervention. It is now reported that such an understanding has been reached, and that the two Governments have agreed upon a scheme for the military occupation of the provinces in Asia Minor which have witnessed the terrible slaughters of the last few months. If the report is to be trusted, a Russian army of occupation is to move down by land and a British fleet is to support it along the seaboard. This, as The Outlook pointed out several weeks ago, is the most practicable, if not the only practicable, method of intervention; we devoutly hope that the report of its adoption may prove to be true.

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The Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, in a sermon preached in New Haven on Sunday, expressed the sentiment of a great many people in this country when he declared that the Venezuelan question ought to be postponed for the Armenian question, and that it is the clear and paramount duty of Americans to support England in any action that she may take for the purpose of restoring order throughout Turkey. The question of an unsettled boundary is of small importance compared with the lives of two and a half millions of Christian people who will be exterminated unless they are protected by the Christian world. The more clear the situation in Constantinople becomes, the more evident are the perfidy and guilt of the Turkish Government. One of the gravest offenses committed by that Government has been the insidious and persistent misrepresentation of the situation, not only to the outer world, but to its own subjects. The Turkish press is edited at the Palace, and has been made the instrument for a systematic misrepresentation of affairs in Asia Minor. The work has been done so thoroughly that even intelligent Turks in Constantinople are possessed with the idea that the Armenians have murdered and pillaged great numbers of Moslems; that the Turkish troops have been called out to protect the Moslem and to reduce the Armenians to order; that the European Powers have intervened to prevent the restoration of order; and that foreign gunboats are in the Bosphorus for the purpose of fomenting dissension and insurrection, the end being to massacre Moslems throughout the Empire. Of course the effect of this kind of systematic lying has been not only to infuriate the Turks, but to make them feel that they are acting on the defensive. Fuller reports which have reached this country from England confirm the worst impressions of the extent and horror of the slaughter which has been going on. It is reported that our own Government has demanded from Turkey the payment of a large indemnity for the losses sustained by American missionaries throughout Asia Minor.

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The excitement created by the President's special message about Venezuelan affairs has apparently subsided in all parts of the country. The sober second thought of the people—that is, of those who do think—has made itself heard; and that sober second thought not only insists upon the utmost deliberation, but rejects as impossible any settlement of the matters in controversy between this country and Great Britain other than by the usual instrumentalities of diplomacy. The President's message is likely to have two good effects, which will by no means counterbalance its evil effects, but which will be of positive advantage to the country. Of these one is the burning of the war powder in advance of the election. Whatever capital lay in the irritation and sensitiveness which some of the Republican leaders and some of the Republican newspapers have been sedulously stirring up for months past for campaign purposes has been entirely appropriated by President Cleveland, and, unless we are mistaken, will be entirely spent before the Presidential campaign opens. The message will also have the result of making it clear to foreign diplomatists that the people of this country are sensitive about the Monroe Doctrine. That Doctrine is in no sense international law, and this country is not, as Secretary Olney declared, sovereign on this continent; but there is a very general and a very strong feeling that, as a policy, the Monroe Doctrine must be sustained, and that, while this country is not sovereign, it holds an easy primacy on the continent, and has a right to protect its interests in that position. The sentiment of the country to-day, so far as it can be ascertained, reaffirms the Monroe Doctrine as a national policy, but disavows entirely the belligerent spirit. The press, which just now follows instead of leads public opinion, has been quick to recognize that its bel-

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ligerent tone was too hasty and too marked, and many of the journals which were crying for war are now innocently wondering what all the excitement was about, and pluming themselves on a calmness which nobody discovered in their editorial pages during the few days which followed the publication of the message.

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In England surprise and anger have been followed by a desire to know the facts. Nothing was more amusing in one way, and more discouraging in another, than the amount of passion which was expressed in both countries about a situation concerning which the people of neither country were informed. When the message was issued, very few Americans knew anything about the boundary controversy in Venezuela or the relation of the Monroe Doctrine to it, and still fewer Englishmen had any information on the subject. In both countries the feeling appears to be that a disputed boundary is not a matter for national passion, but for calm and dispassionate inquiry. In both countries too many have committed the blunder of getting angry first and then proceeding to learn the facts of the situation afterwards. The presence of a considerable amount of inflammable material in this country ought to give our politicians and newspapers a keener sense of responsibility than they have yet shown in the discussion of international questions. There is a real peril in the existence of so strong an anti-English antipathy in certain sections of the country, and in the readiness with which some politicians and many newspapers are willing to intensify this antagonism. In England, on the other hand, there is a necessity for clearer knowledge of American opinion and for some modification of the English attitude in dealing with American questions. English public morals are probably, on the whole, the best in the world, but English public manners are often, as the "Spectator" recently confessed, remarkably bad. They are aggressive and irritating. Bad manners in England do not excuse bad temper in this country, but while we ought to cultivate the quality of calmness, our kinsmen beyond the sea would also do well to cultivate the quality of courtesy. Both nations have much to learn from each other—too much to learn to permit the process of international education to be disturbed by questions of unsettled boundary lines in South America.

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The Manitoba Government has answered the second communication of the Federal Government, that of July 27 last, and has at the same time dissolved the Legislature and appealed to the people of the Province for a fresh mandate. Its answer is a skillfully drawn document, and is likely to strengthen greatly the hands of those members of the Canadian Parliament who are opposed to coercive legislation. It apparently declares absolutely against separate schools, but, reading between the lines, one can see that the refusal is to re-establish separate schools under clerical control as they were prior to 1890. Separate schools under public control imply a different system altogether; but what is the use of suggesting that or any other concession, if it is evident that it would not be accepted as a solution of the difficulty? As far as Manitoba is concerned, therefore, the proposal to establish a system of separate schools, in any form, is rejected. Regret is expressed that the invitation to make a proper inquiry into the facts of the case has not been accepted, and that Parliament should be asked to legislate without investigation. Inquiry is again earnestly invited, and it is suggested that it should take the widest scope. The great desire of the Provincial Government is to provide the best possible means of education for Manitoba, and, in order to this, amendments to the law are required from time to time, as well as a wise administration that will consider all complaints in a spirit of fairness and conciliation, instead of coercive legislation, which, however unsuitable in a few years hence, can never be changed. The people of Manitoba will probably return the Greenway Government to power by an overwhelming majority on the issue thus presented. In that case, a moribund Parliament will be face to face with a Provincial Legislature fresh from the people. Three by-elections to Parliament have also been recently held, and though all the seats were formerly Conservative, only one has been retained, and that by a minority of the votes polled.

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These events furnish evidence, if not demonstration, that the people generally are in no mood to coerce Manitoba. Yet the Government is absolutely pledged to introduce coercive legislation. Solutions of the difficulty in which the Conservative party finds itself are suggested along the line of Government reconstruction and other lines at present equally improbable. Should the Government persist, it can succeed only at the expense of internal disruption or the splitting of its party all over the country. The opposition consists of three sections: the old Liberal party; the Patrons, representing a strong section of the farmers in favor of economical government; and the supporters of Dalton McCarthy, representing the feeling against the French and Roman Catholic "solid vote." All three sections are opposed to the Government's Manitoba policy, and, though divided at present, are likely to come to a common understanding before a general election is held. It is certain that the difficulty will be settled constitutionally, but before it is finally settled there may be a general break-up of the existing parties. There is a strong feeling in Canada against separate schools of any kind, but there is also a general sentiment in favor of a compromise like the Ontario system, always on the condition that it should be introduced by the Province itself, and not forced on it from without by the Dominion Government.

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No doubt there was exaggeration in the reports from Cuba prevalent last week that the insurgents had approached near enough to Havana to produce a fear that the capital might fall into their hands. It is undoubtedly true, however, that the Spanish forces have made no headway in putting down the revolutionary movement. General Campos's declaration that he would drive the insurgents into the swamps and keep them there has proved an idle boast. The rebels hold more than half the island, and are well established in the southern part of the province of Matanzas, whence they make occasional incursions northward, when skirmishes and running fights ensue, with the usual claim of victory by both sides. General Campos is now in Havana, and again issues a proclamation of his intention soon to crush his opponents by a decisive blow. A great public meeting was held in Havana last week, at which representatives of all parties, including the Autonomists, asserted their allegiance to Spain and their belief that only through Spain could relief come to Cuba. Naturally, there is little significance to be attached to such speeches; the fact that those who sympathize with the present movement are not prepared to assert themselves in Havana is a matter of course. It must be admitted, at least, that the insurgents have shown persistence and courage; the Spanish pretense that the present troubles

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are merely local disturbances has no longer a reasonable sound.

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The Japanese Parliament was opened on Saturday of last week with a speech from the throne, in which the Emperor expressed the joy of the nation at the ending of the struggle with China, declaring that order had been restored throughout Formosa, and that the relations of Japan with foreign countries were peaceful and intimate. Striking progress has been made by the Empire in many directions, but a great and difficult work is still to be done. The speech closed with an urgent appeal for additional defenses for the Empire. If the cable dispatches are to be trusted, a coalition has been effected between the Government and the Liberal party, negotiations looking to that end having long been in progress. The support of the Liberals has been secured by the Ministry by what appears to be the practical adoption of the Liberal platform, for the Liberals have stipulated that certain reforms, including entire liberty of speech and of public meetings and the extension of the franchise, shall be granted to the country, the Ministry on its part agreeing that in case measures establishing these reforms are defeated in Parliament an appeal shall be made to the country; and in the event of a popular vote supporting these measures the Ministers agree to resign and formally join the ranks of the Liberals. If carried out, this coalition means not only the advance of the Japanese Government in popular directions, but the introduction of party government into Japan.

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With unexampled speed, the Ways and Means Committee formulated the answer of the Republican House to the President's request for legislation to relieve the Treasury's embarrassments. The situation confronting the Committee was briefly as follows: Within two years there had been a deficit in revenue of about $100,000,000; within the same period approximately $180,000,000 in gold had been borrowed; there has thus been an increase of $80,000,000 in the Treasury's surplus, which now stands at approximately $100,000,000 outside the gold reserve; there has, however, been no increase in gold reserve. Each issue of bonds to bring in gold has been followed (and even preceded) by the presentation of notes to draw it out. The present surplus, therefore, consists of notes presented for redemption, and the gold reserve is again less than $70,000,000. President Cleveland took the ground that there was only one thing to be done: issue bonds to retire all the Government notes redeemable in coin. The Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee took the ground that the Government notes must not be retired, but that revenues must be increased to meet expenditures, and short-time bonds bearing a low rate of interest be authorized in order again to build up the gold reserve. To accomplish these two distinct ends, two distinct bills were reported. The first or "revenue" bill provided for the temporary restoration of sixty per cent. of the McKinley Bill duties on raw wool and lumber, with corresponding increase in duties on manufactures thereof, together with an addition of 15 per cent. to the Wilson Bill rates on all other products, except where (as on sugar) such increase would make the new duties higher than those established by the McKinley Bill. These proposed duties were to remain in effect until August 1, 1898. The second or "bond" bill contained two clauses entirely independent of each other. The first clause authorized the Secretary of the Treasury, whenever necessary to protect the "coin" reserve, to issue three per cent. "coin" bonds to be sold at not less than par, and to be redeemable at the pleasure of the Government after the end of five years; the second clause authorized the Secretary of the Treasury, whenever necessary to meet a temporary deficiency of revenue, to issue certificates of indebtedness to an amount not to exceed $50,000,000—these certificates to run for three years, and to bear interest not to exceed three per cent. To this last clause there was no objection from any quarter, since these certificates would merely correspond to the exchequer bills so long employed by the English Government to borrow money temporarily at advantageous terms. To the bond issue clause there was, however, a strong objection on the part of even anti-silver Republicans, as it seemed in its original form to authorize the retirement of the greenbacks. In order to save the bill the Committee added a paragraph expressly providing against such a construction.

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When the bills came before the House, the sharpest and most important conflict was over the resolutions reported by the Committee on Rules limiting the debate on each measure to a few hours, and absolutely forbidding the offering of amendments. The Democrats protested vehemently against such rules to prevent the intelligent consideration of the measures, but the Republicans reminded them that the Senate's revision of the Wilson Bill had been "railroaded" through, and pleaded that the present exigency was equally pressing. In the case of the tariff bill only four Republicans voted with the Democrats against the adoption of the rule reported; and in the case of the bond bill only eleven. The adoption of these rules was an important triumph for Mr. Reed, who, both as a party leader and as a Presidential candidate, was interested in avoiding a vote on amendments certain to divide his party, and require each member to record himself for or against certain delicate propositions. When the tariff bill came up for discussion, every Democrat, from the most strenuous opponents of the greenbacks to their warmest defenders, took the position that the increase of taxation could afford no relief to the present situation. Those who agreed absolutely with the Republicans that the hundred-million-dollar deficit had caused the issue of one hundred millions of the bonds pointed to the fact that at present the surplus piled up in the Treasury was sufficient to meet current deficiencies for three or four years to come. To increase this surplus, they urged, was plainly to tax the people unnecessarily. The Republicans replied that increased revenues would increase the public credit, and recalled the fact that so long as revenues had equaled expenditures there had been no trouble with the gold reserve. The revenue bill was carried by a strict party vote—205 to 81—the Populists voting with the Democrats against the bill. On the bond bill party lines were broken and the debate was triangular. The anti-silver Republicans took the position that the bill would enable the Administration to borrow gold (or "coin," as most members preferred to say) at a lower rate of interest; the Administration Democrats took the position that no money at all could be borrowed on three per cent. coin bonds if the situation became more serious; the silver men in both parties took the position that there was no need of building up the gold reserve, as the Government notes promising to pay "coin" ought to be redeemed in gold and silver indiscriminately, just as the notes of the Bank of France are. When the vote came, only one Democrat voted with the Republicans for the bill, while forty-seven Republicans voted with the Democrats and Populists against it. Two of these forty-seven came from the Eastern States, six from Ohio, and the remainder from States West and

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South thereof. The extent of the Republican opposition indicates the defeat of the bill in the Senate.

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Anti-saloon sentiment is certainly far stronger in Southern public life than in Northern. This may be partially due to the disfranchisement of the negroes; it may be still more largely due to the weakness of the immigrant vote among the whites. But, whatever the cause, the fact is indubitable. In South Carolina the Dispensary Law has been so thoroughly enforced throughout the State during the past few months that, by the admission of the Charleston "News and Courier," the "blind tigers" have been driven out or starved out. That journal predicts that they will return or revive now that the State administration has ordered an increase in the price of liquor in order to realize a larger profit for the support of the school system. Yet, however this may turn out, the administration has demonstrated the ability of public officials to suppress all bar-rooms and confine the liquor business of the entire State to ninety dispensaries, which are open neither in the evening nor on Sundays, and in which there is not only no treating but no drinking. We regret that the administration should imperil any of these moral gains for the sake of increasing the already considerable public revenue ($10,000 a month) from the traffic. But the dispensary system, conducted according to its original plan as an agency for moral reform, has triumphed most signally over all the elements of opposition. The good effects of this triumph, furthermore, have not stopped with the boundaries of South Carolina. The debate in the Georgia Legislature on the Anti-bar-room Bill, recently defeated, gave evidence at once of the spreading faith in the dispensary system and the growing determination of the Southern people to put down the saloons. The Georgia bill provided for the establishment of one liquor-store in each county, to be managed by a salaried official, and prohibited the sale of liquor except in these stores. In the long debate upon it, not one of its opponents dared declare himself a defender of the rights of the saloons. The first opponent attacked it because it would open a "bar-room" in each of the eighty-eight "dry" counties; the next, because it interfered with the "fundamental right" of county self-government; the third, because it gave "to the rich man a privilege that a poor man has not got;" the next, because it would "cause a decrease in the value of real estate;" the next, because the bill did not abolish bar-rooms, but forced a bar-room on every county in the State; the next, because it would "take away such a large portion of the School Fund;" and so on. Yet the combined strength of this opposition to the bill was but 62 votes; 75 votes were cast in its favor. The measure was only defeated by the constitutional requirement of a majority of all the members of each Chamber, whether present or not. The measure lacked but thirteen votes of a constitutional majority.

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Wisconsin seems to be decidedly stirred by the criticisms recently made upon the management of the State University by a hitherto unknown County Superintendent. A year ago, it will be remembered, the State Superintendent in Wisconsin made an attack upon Professor Ely because of the alleged tendency of his teachings toward social democracy. This year President Adams is attacked because of the alleged tendency of his management toward social aristocracy. The criticisms upon President Adams are not to be taken any more seriously than those upon Professor Ely, and the committee of investigation appointed will, without doubt, render a report warmly indorsing the distinguished character of his work as an educator. Indeed, both this year and last, no members of the faculty could have been selected for attack whose work the educational world values so highly. This year's criticisms, however, are important because of their possible effect upon the State Legislature. Last year, it will be recalled, the Legislature added something like $150,000 to the University's appropriation. This increased appropriation seemed so certain to be made permanent that it was considered practically equivalent to an additional endowment of $3,000,000. The County Superintendent seems to have struck a popular chord when, while indorsing generous appropriations for the State's University, he urged that such an increase in the University's revenues should not have been followed by an increase in fees, making it more difficult for children of the middle classes to attend the University. He demands that the University shall again, as in President Bascom's day, be conducted on a broad, democratic basis, and suggests that it should have fees as low as those in the University of Michigan, or even be made (like the University of Ohio) a part of the free school system of the State. The wide support given to these demands—particularly in the agricultural districts of the State—is really an encouraging sign, and we hope the outcome of the present discussion will not be the reduction of educational appropriations on the ground that the University is becoming an institution for the classes, but the enlargement of the appropriation, to the end that it may not become an institution for a class, but may offer the highest educational opportunities, without property qualification, to all the children of the State.

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It will be remembered that last winter, by a vote of 150 to 53, the House of Representatives passed the McRae Bill, designed to protect our public lands. It was good as far as it went, but now the Secretary of the Interior asks Congress for more adequate protection. Our great National Parks in the West are guarded by United States troops, it is true, but there has been no provision made for the timber tracts (five in Colorado, four in California, three in Oregon, and one each in Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming, Washington, and Alaska) set apart at various times under the Act of 1891. These cover many million acres, and the Land Office has only thirty agents for examining lands, protecting timber, and investigating disputes. Mr. Hoke Smith says that the amendment made to the McRae Bill in regard to cutting trees on the public domain by a system of permits to settlers and miners is objectionable; but, notwithstanding this, he urges the passage of the bill by both branches of Congress at the present session, since the many good features of the bill far outweigh the objectionable amendment. The bill brings up the whole question of permits to cut trees on Government lands, and while we are sure that, under the circumstances, Congress will deal with the question in the best way possible, it is to be regretted that we have not the wise counsels of a National Forestry Commission.

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In the last number of "Harper's Weekly" Colonel Waring, the Street Commissioner of New York City, has a suggestive article on "Market-Playgrounds." No one will dispute the proposition that push-carts, so largely used by peddlers, constitute something of a nuisance; yet in densely populated tenement-house districts these carts are so useful that they ought not to be abolished, if there is any way to overcome the serious objections to them. Some streets are practically given over to them, and hence are not of much use as thoroughfares and are difficult to

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keep clean. While the ordinances of the metropolis prohibit the standing of push-carts more than ten minutes in any one place, these ordinances are rarely enforced, and when they are enforced the cart is moved only a few steps and stopped again. Now, the children of crowded districts make good use of the asphalt streets in pleasant weather, and it seems, therefore, to Colonel Waring, and to us too, that the children and the carts as well should be afforded better conditions, thereby promoting the general good order of the streets. Colonel Waring has devised a scheme for establishing one or more of what might be called market-playgrounds. A whole block would be taken by the city, cleared of all its buildings, and asphalted in one sheet from curb to curb. Between the building-line and the curb this space would serve, as now, for a sidewalk. The space within the building-line would be covered with alternate strips, say eleven feet wide, with sheds supported by iron columns and covered with glass; the intervening strip of eleven feet would not be covered. A portion of these sheds would be furnished with counters (so arranged with balancing weights that when not in use they could be run up into the roofs) and other fixtures for butchers, fishmen, and other merchants; but the rest of the shed would be simply a covered space available for push-carts. The uncovered space between the sheds would also be used by push-carts. Along the edges of the sheds the whole block would be thoroughly lighted by incandescent lights. The entire space would be open to marketmen of all sorts until noon; their whole work must be done in the morning, as in Europe. At noon the street-sweepers would clean the whole area, and at one o'clock the place would be turned over to the children of the neighborhood. People will say, "Oh, but this costs too much." To this Colonel Waring replies:

"One block on the East Side, taken for illustration, is assessed at $382,000, and its probable cost under condemnation proceedings would be $840,400. The cost of conversion into a market-playground would be $80,000, making the total cost $920,400, or in round numbers $1,000,000. The gross rental to cover expense for care, collections, etc., would be six per cent. on this, or $60,000. The block arranged as above mentioned would furnish 288 stands seven feet long and five and a half feet wide, with counters, fixtures, etc., which, at fifty cents a day each, would produce an annual income of $52,560; 448 covered stands, same size, without fixtures, at twenty-five cents per day, would produce $44,530; 768 uncovered open spaces, five and a half by seven feet, at ten cents per day each, would produce $28,032. This would make a total rental of $125,132, which is over twelve per cent. of the total cost of $1,000,000."

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The head of the New York police force, Chief Conlin, issued an order last week which is open to misconstruction both by the public and the police. If misconstrued by the latter, it will cause hardship, if not worse, to the tenement-house children. The dancing of the children in the streets of New York, which has been considered one of the attractive amusements of the tenement-house regions, has reached a point where it is a source of danger to the older girls, and sometimes a public nuisance because of the crowds that collect. Citizens familiar with the East Side have appealed to the police. The result is an order which leaves to the discrimination of the policeman the point at which the dancing becomes indecent. He may arrest the girl who, in his judgment, has passed the line of decency. If all policemen were both philosophers and saints, if they were endowed with good judgment, tact, and a noble moral standard, this order would be unobjectionable. But candor compels the recognition of the fact that they are not. Girls whose only fault is an overweening vanity, girls who are quite faultless save for a certain immaturity of mind and childlike innocence, may, under this order, be arrested by an ill-natured, severe, or unintelligent policeman and brought into open court, to be, by this mere fact, forever disgraced in the eyes of their companions. The police should be instructed not to arrest except in cases where a warning is disregarded, and even then for a first offense the offender should be brought privately before the judge for admonition, not publicly into open court. The penalty of lasting disgrace is quite too severe for so unintentional a fault. There are cases in which the organ-grinder might very properly be arrested and the dancing children left alone.

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The Inter-State Commerce Commission pronounces illegal the agreement recently entered into by the trunk-line roads in organizing the "Joint Traffic Association." The Commission has forwarded to the Attorney-General a copy of the "articles of organization" of this Association, and informed him that, in its opinion, the agreement is "in conflict with the act to regulate inter-State commerce, and cannot be carried into effect without violating the provisions of that act." It requests the Attorney-General to direct the United States District Attorney of the Southern District of New York to institute all necessary proceedings, by injunction or otherwise, to prevent the agreement from being carried into effect. If this Association, therefore, is permitted to violate the anti-pooling provision of the Inter-State Commerce Law, or the prohibition in the Anti-Trust Law of combinations to raise prices, the responsibility will rest with the department of the Attorney-General. On every account it is to be hoped that department will discharge its duty with promptness and vigor. The annual report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, published last week, narrates two unsuccessful attempts to secure the prosecution of railroads entering into illegal pooling arrangements. In one case the matter was brought before a Grand Jury which failed to find a true bill, and in the other—the agreement of the Central Traffic Association, in effect from May of last year—no action on the part of the Department of Justice is yet reported. Such miscarriages of justice, and, still more, such delays in instituting proceedings when powerful interests violate the laws against combinations, are, unfortunately, in sharp contrast with the promptness and effectiveness with which the Attorney-General's department prosecuted trades-unionists for violating the same laws. To restore reverence for the law, its impartial enforcement is imperatively demanded.

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David H. Greer

In Dr. Greer's keen, penetrating glance is revealed the man—quiet, modest, self-controlled, and effective, because possessed by the conviction that for each man in the world of to-day there is the opportunity of being a man after the pattern of Christ Jesus. If one would know more of a minister who is at the heart of so much Christianity at work, let him make one of the reverent throng at the morning service in St. Bartholomew's Church in this city. Dr. Greer reads the service in most reverent fashion, revealing all its depths of meaning, hidden, alas! too often by the slovenly rendering of the ordinary reader. If it is a Sunday when an offertory is taken, the rector may state quietly that what was given last year for the same purpose—it may have been twenty thousand dollars—is inadequate to this year's needs. From his manner it is clear that he is fully expecting to get all he needs. His congregation is known to be wealthy, but its liberality savors of that variety of free-handed giving which is usually found in churches where the average bank account of the givers is repre-

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sented by very much smaller figures. After an anthem, so sung as to put the soul in tune for highest harmonies, one is conscious that the people, of whom a noticeably large proportion are men, are settling themselves with that unmistakable air that presages the coming of something worth hearing, and Dr. Greer rises to preach. He is apt in choosing striking texts, and the text is announced in a manner to arrest the attention of even a careless listener. In the few opening sentences the topic is clearly outlined, and at once the preacher plunges into the full stream of his sermon, and the hearer is, very likely, carried off bodily with it, for Dr. Greer is always, when in the pulpit, the man with the message. Dramatic, yet never in the faintest degree theatrical, his lucid sentences, shorn of redundancy, carry just the shade of meaning he intends to give; he shows himself to be a close student and a clear thinker. One does not listen long before realizing that the speaker is possessed of one mighty passion. He would have all men know that the hope they need, for lack of which this life is a dungeon, the power without which life is a failure, are to be had through Jesus Christ. "Be a man, be the man you were meant to be, and be it only by loving your brother as He loved," seems to be the burden of much that he has to say to the listening crowds.

Dr. Greer is no mystic. Indeed, if there be any lack of symmetry, it is here; for he misses those spiritual heights of purely devotional thought where some of his great compeers have been most at home. Yet he fans that divine spark which is all too smothered in most men, and men and women go out strengthened and ennobled. And here is the secret of Dr. Greer's power. He preaches a Gospel of hope; a larger hope which begins to-day, however low down to-day may find us. Dr. Greer is not a merely traditional Churchman, content to hand on the faith because that faith was once delivered to the saints. His creed, however orthodox it may be, is his own, in the sense that he has fought over every inch of the ground which he occupies. And it is because his faith is a living thing that it is possible for him to be the power which imparts such momentum to others. His preaching is only the beginning of his power; his hearers must be doers. So there rises the stately Parish House on East Forty-second Street. Here one finds, on a large scale, all the ordinary activities of a wide-awake church, and, in addition, many others which are characteristic of Dr. Greer himself.

Colonel Hadley's Rescue Mission meetings, with their unique characteristics, are held here every night in the week save Sundays, and every week in the year. Developed from this are the St. Andrew's Brotherhood Lodging-House and the Employment Bureau. The Girls' Club, with its Holiday House and numerous classes, its Mutual Benefit Fund and Penny Provident Fund, has a membership of about five hundred. An outgrowth from this has been the Club-House near by, where, at low prices, Club members may find a temporary home until a "good job" is secured. This home has been a godsend to many a harassed young breadwinner, and has been a financial success as well. On Sundays a great Sunday-school has overrun all its recognized bounds, and is still crying for more room. Morning and evening services are held, with constantly growing congregations. On Saturday morning the great hall (as well as the floor above) is crowded by the sewing-school, a kindergarten filling it every other morning in the week. "Dr. Greer's Pawnshop," as the Loan Bureau has been called in derision, has had a history of remarkable usefulness, and is regarded by licensed pawnbrokers as a singularly outrageous encroachment on their prerogatives by the Church. But to the crowds whose poverty is their snare it is an unmixed blessing, if earth can be said to hold any such. Of the many and varied developments of Dr. Greer's work this is most distinctive. Experts in Organized Charity had been planning and discussing for years how best to handle the habit of pawning, but nothing very definite had been accomplished, until this man, bold to attempt because his heart was hot to help the misery he saw, cautiously feeling his way, gathering around him those who could most efficiently aid, started the Loan Bureau of St. Bartholomew's; and very soon thereafter the Provident Loan Society became a fact. The man who can bring things to pass does a far greater work than that which his hands touch or his brain conceives. Dr. Greer is pre-eminently such a man. His courage, his faith in men as well as for man, accomplish a magnificent work in his own parish, but even more and greater in the world outside.

A Lesson for the Day

The tendency of masses of men to act with undue precipitation under a sudden impulse, and without stopping to deliberate, has been often noted. It is the secret alike of panic in armies and of furious wrath and irresistible courage in mobs. It is one of the evils of a democratic society. The action of impulse is instantaneous, of judgment is slow. But in a democracy impulse incites impulse, and the whole nation acts as one individual—acts first and thinks afterwards. And this dangerous tendency of democracy is aggravated by the modern facility of intercourse. Formerly, while the news was traveling, the community had time to reflect. Now the event is known simultaneously from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The whole nation is, as it were, massed in one crowd by the telegraph and the daily press, and is swayed to a common end by a common impulse. At such times it is the duty of the representatives of the people, not to inflame the popular impulse, nor to yield to it, but to mitigate the unreasoning passion of the moment and urge that self-control which is indispensable to the exercise of a sound judgment. "A representative or parliamentary system," says Professor Bryce, "provides the means of investigating the evils to be feared from ignorance or haste, for it vests the actual conduct of affairs in a body of specially chosen and presumably specially qualified men, who may themselves intrust such of their functions as need peculiar knowledge or skill to a smaller governing body or bodies selected in respect of their more eminent fitness." It must be confessed that, in the present juncture in our history, this danger of impulsive haste incidental to democracy has been emphasized, while the safeguards supposed to be furnished by a representative system have not proved efficacious. For three days the whole Nation, from the President down, seemed to have lost its head; we say *seemed*, for it is already evident that only the eager, impulsive, and ill-informed spoke first, and that the men of more deliberate judgment are now beginning to afford a much-needed counterpoise.

The President himself, of whom the country might have expected a more dignified and deliberate course, startled the country not less by the suddenness of his message than by its nature. According to one rumor, he sat up all night writing it, and sent it to Congress without submitting it to his Cabinet; according to another rumor, he got home from his duck-shooting to find it written for him by the Secretary of State, and to hurry it off with a paragraph added by himself to give a special sting to it. Both rumors cannot be true; probably neither is. But neither could

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have arisen if the haste with which it was issued and the tone which characterizes its close had not given some color to both stories. Congress caught the contagion from the President. There was absolutely no need of haste. There was the very greatest need for careful deliberation. Grant that it was necessary to protect our interests by warning England off from Venezuela; grant that it was our duty as a chivalric nation to protect Venezuela from aggression. It needed no special wisdom to see that such a course might involve the gravest possible results, and ought, therefore, not to be taken without the most serious consideration, nor then except in the wisest possible way. But the House of Representatives gave the matter no consideration whatever, and the Senate practically none. Republicans who had alternately derided and denounced the report of the Commissioner whom the President had sent out to investigate affairs in Hawaii vied with each other in their eagerness to give him authority to appoint Commissioners to investigate affairs in Venezuela, without even requiring him to submit the appointment to the Senate, and under circumstances which implied a readiness to go to war with England, if need be, to enforce whatever decision the Commission might reach. The very men who heaped epithets of contempt on one Commission were ready, apparently, to go to war with England if she did not submissively accept the decision of an analogous Commission appointed by the same President.

The press was not all equally precipitate. Yet, on the whole, there was comparatively little indication of deliberation. With a few noteworthy exceptions, the peace journals were as hot for peace as the war journals were hot for war. Editors who, twenty-four hours before, neither knew where Venezuela was nor what was the Monroe Doctrine were far more positive than if they had studied the problem for half a century, that the Monroe Doctrine left us no option but to interfere on behalf of Venezuela. The journals were few which said, Let us wait; let us consider the matter; let us learn what Venezuela is, what is British Guiana, what is the question at issue between them, and what our expert constitutional scholars tell us is the meaning and application of the Monroe Doctrine to the issue. A weekly paper like The Outlook had an advantage over its daily contemporaries. It could not speak for several days. It was compelled to be deliberate.

Even when the authorities did speak, their utterances were, in certain quarters, contemptuously disregarded. Dr. Von Holst, of Chicago University; Professor Burgess, of Columbia; Professor Woolsey, of Yale; Professor Hart, of Harvard, have all spoken. They are all expert scholars in International Law. They have all told their students, and, directly or indirectly, the public, that the Monroe Doctrine does not apply to such an issue as this disputed boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana. And the answer is, in some journals, an outcry against them as un-American, and against the universities in which they teach as dominated by English influence. In at least one case the resignation of the offending professor has been hotly demanded, for no better reason than that he does not make historic precedent support popular passion, and that he has been indecorously warm in denouncing ignorance and precipitancy where knowledge and deliberation might have been expected and demanded.

We recall the saying of a wise counselor, If the house is on fire, and you have three minutes in which to save anything, take two minutes to decide what you will save. A warm heart is a great deal more efficient when it is mated to a cool head. If President Cleveland had written his message one week, discussed it with his Cabinet the next week, and issued it on the third, and Congress had taken two weeks to discuss it, and the public teachers had studied the Monroe Doctrine before trying to teach other people as ignorant as themselves what it meant, we should have shown ourselves quite as valiant a people and a great deal wiser. The experience of the past two weeks will be worth something if it teaches us the wisdom of applying in exciting times the motto, Make haste slowly.

The Measure of Citizenship

These are the days when we make up our minds that we will live in peace with all men. We think that patient endurance is a virtue that outweighs in value all others. There never was a greater error. Endurance is often so contemptible as to rank with cowardice. Evil is the enemy of progress in manners and morals; the enemy of national prosperity. The endurance which tolerates evil is a defect worthy of the strongest effort to overcome. It takes courage, time, patience, faith, to take a stand and make a fight against evil, whether that evil is threatening the Nation's prosperity or individual rights and comforts. We have in all communities laws that exist for the protection of the law-abiding citizen—his protection not only of life and property, but of comfort, of health, of morals. These laws are for the whole community, for all ages, and each sex. They are constantly violated. Why? Because endurance, not in the guise of virtue, but in its common every-day garb of weakness, indifference, and laziness, permits these violations, refusing to see the moral degradation that ensues. We have municipal laws which forbid the admission of drunken or disorderly passengers in our street-cars. This law is constantly violated. Children are exposed to sights and sounds that cannot have any other effect than to degrade, dull, and finally deaden their senses to that which is degrading. Endurance of this evil is criminal in the eyes of God. In every State the selling of liquors to children is limited by law. We see children, almost babies, leave saloons again and again with pitchers and pails. We weep, we mourn over this evil, but how many take the time to fight it—to use the law that exists to protect the child from degradation and temptation, the community from the cost of that degradation and its evil results? Evils are tolerated that cost men and money because of the indifference, the laziness, the criminal sentimentality of men and women who call themselves righteous. The man whose blood does not reach fever-heat in the sight of wrong needs to be converted; even if the evil does not touch his life, there is danger for those who have not his protection from this evil.

Righteous wrath that would express itself openly would put down many evils in their first stages which, endured, create and strengthen themselves and allied evils, compelling the expenditure of men, money, and years of time to overcome.

Sin has strength as well as weakness. Fight the strength of sin with the strength of righteousness.

It takes brains to make criminals, persistence to make sneaks, and versatility to make even the petty offender. At the beginning a wholesome fear of law, not in its uniformed expression, but in the eye, the heart, the brain, the life of the fellow-citizen who loves his God and country well enough to stand for righteousness, would crush the evil that is never other than a growth, an accumulation of the years. To quote a close observer of life, what the world needs is "formative, not reformative work." The first is secured through an active, intelligent public sentiment, the latter is the last resort of law after the waste of life.

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Prophets of the Christian Faith

III.—Clement of Alexandria

By the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D.

The Rev. Dr. Marcus Dods, of Edinburgh, is one of the recognized religious leaders of Scotland. He was born in 1834, graduated from the Edinburgh University in 1854, and was ordained ten years later as minister of Renfield Free Church, Glasgow, where he remained until appointed Professor of New Testament Exegesis in New College, Edinburgh, in 1889. This chair he still occupies. In Scotland he is known as a vigorous and effective preacher, though with none of the arts which are supposed in America to belong to the orator. In this country he is best known by his contributions to the press, especially by his Commentaries on the Book of Genesis and on the First Epistle to the Corinthians (both in the Expositor's Bible Series) and by his work on the Gospel of John. His spirit is essentially conservative. He is by nature cautious and constructive, but this has not saved him from charges of heresy, which were preferred some years ago by some of his Free Church contemporaries because he took the view of modern critics in his interpretation of Genesis. The charges, however, came to nothing, and his position was rather strengthened and his influence increased by the unsuccessful attempt to subject him to an ecclesiastical trial. The article which he contributes to this week's issue of The Outlook illustrates alike his breadth of scholarship, his spiritual insight, and his singular clearness of style. No man ever ought to misunderstand what Dr. Marcus Dods means. Previous articles in this series, by the Rev. Lyman Abbott and the Rev. Dr. George Matheson, will be found in The Outlook for December 14 and December 21. Following articles in the series will be by Professor Adolph Harnack, Dean Fremantle, Dean Farrar, Principal Fairbairn, Dr. A. V. G. Allen, Dr. T. T. Munger, and Professor A. C. McGiffert.

Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D.

TITUS FLAVIUS CLEMENS, commonly known as Clement of Alexandria, may be accepted as the representative of Greek Theology. In some respects either Origen or Athanasius might more suitably stand as its exponent, but Clement has the advantage of being earlier than either of these great theologians, and of being Origen's teacher and predecessor as head of the catechetical school of Alexandria. "He stands in the same relation to those that came after him that Augustine sustained to the Latin theology of the Middle Ages, or Luther and Calvin to the later Protestantism."

Of his personal history little is known. He wrote in the reign of Severus (193–211 A.D.), and the probability is that he was born in Athens about the middle of the second century. In quest of truth he traveled in Italy, Syria, and Asia Minor, until finally he "caught the true Sicilian bee," Pantænus in Alexandria. In a year or two afterwards he was ordained a presbyter of the Church, and succeeded Pantænus as Master of the Catechetical School. His residence in Alexandria undoubtedly had a great influence, not only on the form of his writings, but on his thought, and especially on his attitude towards philosophy. In this magnificent, busy, and dissipated city, every vice of heathenism and the most sumptuous and seductive idolatrous worship were daily obtruded on the notice of Clement. Everything that paganism had to attract, to delude, to bind, was matter of familiar observation to the man who was destined to become, not only the most voluminous, but in many respects the most sagacious and convincing, of Christian apologists.

In Alexandria Clement had also opportunity to acquire that learning which was essential to qualify him to meet the mental condition of religious inquirers in the second century. It was at least as important to gain to the new faith the philosophers and scholars of the museum as the mechanics of the docks and building-yards, or the warehouse porters. His office as teacher of the Christian school exposed him to the interrogation of all who had difficulties about the new religion. The cavils which were concocted by the wits of the museum, the theories which were broached in the dining-hall of the professors, would naturally find their way to the ears of Clement. And so he drew around the young plants which were under his charge the hedge, as he calls it, of a learning superior to that of the assailants. Excepting Athenæus, probably no ancient writer could be named who cites four hundred authors, but a larger number than this must measure the reading of Clement. This great learning he used, not for display, but as a missionary engine. His three great books, the "Protreptikos," the "Paidagogos," and the "Stromateis," written respectively for the heathen, the catechumen, and the Christian Gnostic, all bear witness to his zeal no less than to his knowledge.

In the apologetic of Clement we become aware that his conciliatory attitude is the result not merely of geniality of disposition, but of principle—the principle, to state it in his own words, that "there is one river of truth, but many streams fall into it on this side and on that." He believed that Philosophy had been in its measure a "schoolmaster" to the Greeks, as the Law had been to the Jews; and that even after the Advent it served as a preparatory training which might lead men to Christianity. By "philosophy," as he is careful to explain, he did not mean the teaching of any particular school, the Platonic, Aristotelian, or Epicurean, but whatever had been well said by any sect "which teaches righteousness along with science." As Justin had taught that the Logos had been the revealer of truth to the heathen philosophers, so Clement maintains that philosophy is God's gift to men "for the sake of those who not otherwise than by its means would abstain from what is evil."

This catholic tendency which is so marked a feature of the second century was no doubt stimulated, if not wholly caused, by the universalism of the Empire. As Professor Allen says, "The necessity of enforcing one common method of legal procedure upon a variety of peoples, each with its own conception of justice and of its practical administration, gave rise to the comprehensive spirit of Roman law and the endeavor to ground it in the nature of man. A similar necessity gave rise to similar efforts in the sphere of religious thought." The necessities of Clement's position also drove him to adopt his liberal views and methods. He expressly affirms that he felt himself impelled to become a Greek to the Greeks, and that in order to remove their difficulties he must first feel them, must recognize the truth they held before he could add to it, and must see their error from their own point of view. Never, on the other hand, does he allow it to be supposed that he considers philosophy to be a sufficient guide. Christ alone possesses the whole truth. There is only One who can perfectly satisfy, only One who can heal, purify, and restore to God.

In this teaching Clement is the type not only of one of the most remarkable phases of early Christianity, but he is the representative of a tendency or mental attitude which reappears in all ages of the history of Christendom. It would appear from unmistakable signs, in our own day, that the Church has not yet made up its mind to adopt Clement's theory of the relation of non-Christian religions and philosophies to Christianity. The Bampton Lecturer for 1894 (Mr. Illingworth), speaking of the non-Christian sacred books of the world, says: "With all their imperfection and manifest inferiority, there is that in them which we can well believe to have been a vehicle of divine teaching to the nations they addressed, and, if so, to have been inspired, as their possessors believed." And in confirmation of his statement he quotes Clement, who speaks to the same

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effect: "Perchance philosophy was given to the Greeks, directly and primarily, till the Lord should call the Greeks." And again, "The barbarian and Greek philosophy has torn off a fragment, not from the mythology of Dionysus, but from the theology of the Eternal Word." Yet the man who has done more for India and for Christianity in India than any other during this generation has been severely taken to task for pointing out that Hinduism has in it elements of good and a contribution to make to the Church and to the world.

St. Paul's method of dealing with the heathen, his addresses at Lystra and at Athens, should have made it impossible to deny that God has been training Gentile as well as Jew for Christ. And probably the idea that heathenism and all its works are wholly of the devil is pretty well obsolete. But there is still prevalent a lurking fear that in recognizing the good that is outside Christianity the supremacy and essential distinction of our religion may be lost. Instead of leveling up, a process of leveling down may be initiated. And even although this fear must not be allowed to blind us to the education of the world as a whole, and to the part played by the various races in that education, yet there are undoubtedly dangers to be avoided. For example, we see that in Clement this approximation of Christianity to philosophy caused him all but uniformly to present Christ as a teacher. With him redemption is little more than the reception of Christ's teaching, the soul being purified and, in the Platonic sense, redeemed by the truth. Faith comes to be nothing more than the mental acceptance of the revelation of Christ. The saving power of Christ consists in his manifestation of the Father's love. The idea of a redemption by expiation is quite in the background, and may easily be overlooked. Christ saves by the light he brings. Atonement is effected, not by altering the relation of God to man, but by disclosing the actual relation and attitude of the Father towards his erring children. All who now hold that our redemption is accomplished by the knowledge of God which Christ brings may claim Clement as their theological ancestor.

The doctrines in which Clement's characteristic thinking most conspicuously emerges are his teaching about God, man, punishment, and the higher or Gnostic life. In his doctrine of God Clement followed the teaching of his philosophical progenitors, Plato and Philo. And, indeed, the whole trend of belief in the second century was towards the transcendence of God. The impossibility of his holding any direct living relationship with the world was freely taught by the Gnostics. And, in opposing Gnosticism, Clement did not repudiate the idea which lay at its root, although he evaded its consequences. With him God is the Absolute, the Monad. You cannot apply to Him the terms genus, difference, species, atom, number, accident, subject, whole, part, figure; nor can any name be properly or essentially given Him. But while thus exhausting language to emphasize the remoteness and incomprehensibility of God, Clement yet believed in his immanence. All things and persons are penetrated by the Divine Logos, the Son who is the consciousness of the Father. Through the Logos God has dwelt with men, has guided and educated the race, has been, in all ages and races, anticipating the Incarnation.

The Gnostics believed in a God who was good but not just. Accordingly Clement devotes a part of his "Paidagogos" to demonstrate that goodness and justice are not incompatible. "The justice of God is good, and his goodness just." And, hence, instead of holding with the Gnostics that punishment was the work of a subordinate and evil God, Clement holds that all punishment is remedial and for the sake of the punished. In this also he followed Plato, but, as Dr. Bigg has clearly shown, unadvisedly; for, whereas Plato held that sin is the result of ignorance and is therefore a disease, Clement held that sin is the product of will. If sin is a disease, punishment may be remedial. But if sin is, as the Alexandrines held it to be, rebellion against God and against Law, the case is altered. "Punishment is the safeguard of Law, that is to say, of the unity, life, and welfare of the whole, and of the individual in and through the whole. It does not aim at amendment, but at the maintenance of that Law, which alone can amend." On Clement's theory of punishment, also, it is difficult to find the full significance of the death of Christ, or even to perceive its necessity.

In the characteristics of Clement's theology now indicated many Christians of our own time will find their prototype and legitimization, but it will be less obvious where contemporary analogies are to be found for the teaching which was most peculiar to him, his inculcation of a lower and higher grade of Christian life. No doubt we everywhere find that practically Christians are divided into those who take their Christianity seriously and those who do not, and we also find some popular forms of teaching which might be construed into a belief that there are lesser and greater mysteries into which Christians can be initiated. But in Clement we find the distinction between the ordinary believer and the Gnostic or advanced Christian elaborated and formulated. He believes the distinction to be justified by St. Paul's distinction between the babes who require to be fed with milk and the adult or spiritual who can use solid food. The Gnostic is distinguished from the common believer by many characteristics; he acts from the principle of love, the common believer from fear or hope. The perfection of the former consists in doing good, of the latter in abstinence from evil. The Gnostic prays only in thought; his excellence consists, not in controlling his desires and wishes and passions, but in not having them; in him the struggle between inclination and the sense of duty is past. The Gnostic is a king; nay, he becomes a god. His appellation of "Gnostic" is justified by Clement's theory that "knowledge is superior to faith," that "through knowledge faith is perfected, as through it alone the believer becomes perfect." "Faith is a compendious knowledge of things which are of urgent necessity; knowledge, a firm and valid demonstration of things received through faith." The final state of the Gnostic is perpetual contemplation of God. "The Gnostic soul, in the grandeur of contemplation, embraces not the divine in a mirror or through a glass, but feasts eternally upon the vision in all its clearness—that vision with which the soul, smitten with boundless love, can never be satiated—and enjoys inexhaustible gladness for endless ages, honored by a permanent continuance in all excellence."

Here, it will be obvious, we have a strange combination of Paulinism, Gnosticism, Mysticism, and Stoicism. The relief and quickening which Stoicism brought to many of the truest souls in the Roman world proves that it does, in a large if not in a perfect measure, satisfy human instincts and cravings. Mysticism baptizes it without enforcing that element in Christianity which sanctifies work and commonplace people. That a state of absolute superiority to pleasure and pain can be reached, that this condition of "apathy" can be attained by the contemplation of God, and that this is the perfect bliss and eternal state of the soul—these are the main contentions of Mysticism. The superiority of the Gnostic to the common believer is the very point which Bossuet saw to be the foundation of all Madame Guyon's error. "The doctrines which you advance, Madame, involve the fact of an inward experience above the common experience of Christians." But anything which even seems to throw a slight on the Christianity of the uneducated and toiling millions, or of the men who spend themselves in active efforts for the promotion of Christ's kingdom, is earnestly to be deprecated. Indeed, we have a personal interest in maintaining the sufficiency of the lower Christian life; for, as Dr. Bigg appositely remarks: "To most of us probably Miss Rossetti's words go home:

"We are of those who tremble at Thy Word,
Who faltering walk in darkness towards our close
Of mortal life, by terrors curbed and spurred—
We are of those.

"Not ours the heart Thy loftiest love hath stirred,
Not such as we Thy lily and Thy rose,
Yet, Hope of those who hope with hope deferred—
We are of those."

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Twelfth Night

By Mrs. Burton Kingsland

In olden days the festivities of Christmas—the gala time of all the year—lasted twelve days, which was the time supposed to have been consumed by the wise men in their journey to Bethlehem. This brought the last evening to that of the sixth of January, when the gayety culminated in an entertainment on what was known as "Twelfth Night." This had distinctive features belonging to its celebration, as well recognized as those of Christmas itself. We should not now think them adapted to the enjoyment of grown people, but the world was younger then.

A family of children and their friends, however, greatly enjoyed such a merrymaking last season, and were given an object-lesson in ancient manners and customs at the same time. A short account of their doings may prove suggestive for the enjoyment of other little folk.

Twelfth Night was to the pastry-cooks what Easter is to the florists of our own day, and they distinguished themselves by the most wonderful achievements. All London turned out on the eve of Twelfth Night to look in the pastry-cooks' windows, lighted with unaccustomed brilliancy and gorgeous with cakes of all shapes, sorts, and sizes, surmounted by marvelous structures, from a dragon or a castle to a miniature man-of-war furnished with tiny guns that, loaded with powder, went off with a loud report. The "four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie" was no myth, for live birds were concealed under the pastry of enormous pies and flew about the room when liberated, "which gave much delight to the company." A hint of April Fools' Day was not lacking at Twelfth Night; for while the people crowded about the pastry-cooks', the street-boys of London would pin their gowns and coats together, or with one stroke of a hammer tack a garment to the wooden frame of a shop-window, to the great dismay and embarrassment of the victims who found themselves in such plight.

Cakes, then, must be conspicuous in a Twelfth Night celebration; and the little party which I am recalling opened with the imposing ceremony of cutting a huge one, surmounted by a fairy with gauzy wings who was supposed to determine the final disposition of a ring and piece of money which were baked within.

This was strictly in accord with old-time observances. In the Roman Saturnalia the "king of the feast" was elected by beans, and at the Twelfth Night revels in England the custom survived, but the bean was baked in a cake, and a pea added, to determine who should be the queen. Later they were replaced by a ring and bit of money.

Our little king and queen, having been elected by the chances of ring and coin instead of the "accident of birth," were duly invested with royal mantels of Turkey red, lined with Canton flannel, dotted with black worsted tabs, in imitation of ermine.

The youngest children were delighted to be train-bearers; and, making the tour of the rooms to the music of a stately march, they came to a raised dais, whereon two armchairs did duty for thrones. Here the young sovereigns received their insignia of royalty—gorgeous crowns of gilt paper, which made the coronation very impressive, and scepters of croquet mallets wrapped with tinsel.

The royal pair were then permitted to join their loving subjects, who at once joined hands and danced around them, with shouts of "Long live the king!" and cheering for the little queen. After these loyal acclamations it was explained to them that a forfeit would be exacted from any one present who presumed to turn his back upon the royalties or failed to address them as "your Majesty," which gave rise to some merry confusion.

Another Twelfth Night custom was the choosing of characters. A hat was passed to the gentlemen and a "reticule" to the ladies, containing bits of paper, of which each person present drew one, and, upon opening it, found the name of some character written which he or she was to assume for the rest of the evening.

Nothing indicates that they were to be guessed by the rest of the company, but, as the histrionic talent of our young folk was presumably undeveloped, the papers drawn by them were unfolded by others and pinned to their backs. Each was in ignorance, therefore, of what character he was supposed to be, and was to guess it from the remarks made by the rest, to whom the name was plainly in view. For instance, our little queen was complimented upon her delicious pastry and her housewifely talents, and earnestly asked whether her naughty servant was really repentant and had reformed as he promised. Some more leading question, perhaps, led to the discovery that she was the "Queen of Hearts" whose "tarts" tempted to cupidity.

The characters were taken from Mother Goose, or from other nursery favorites. Lord Fauntleroy, Cinderella, Jack the Giant-Killer, Robinson Crusoe, were some that, at first mysterious, were finally all guessed.

At supper, cakes figured conspicuously, baked in odd shapes, crowned with sprigs of holly or containing some little surprise, if only a marron glacé or a caramel; each had some little feature to mark it as a Twelfth Night cake and not a commonplace every-day one. After supper a door was thrown open and a "Chrismas tree grab-bag" was disclosed.

The tree that had done duty on Christmas Day was renewing its youth, decked with mysterious bundles, wrapped in bright tissue-papers of every color. Ignorant of what the packages contained, each child indicated his choice, and enjoyed the moment of expectancy in opening the package, as well as that of disclosure, when with merry shouts they exhibited to each other what chance had awarded them.

The little party closed with a Christmas carol lustily sung.

The College Boy's Room

By a Mother of College Boys

When a boy first goes off to college, even the fondest mother, remembering how inefficient he usually is in the care of himself, almost wishes that he had been born a girl. When he has been there three months, there are no qualifications to her wish, for he is too apt to live in disorder and untidiness, and with perfect content.

The average young man of college age regards the drudgery of "picking up" and "cleaning up" as beneath his dignity. He does not seem to understand that his status as a gentleman, and as a factor in civilization, is indicated by his personal condition quite as much as by his knowledge of Latin. The world would soon relapse into barbarism if our standards in the matter of cleanliness were suffered to decline. It could run on without the "higher education" indefinitely better than without the other.

The college "sweep" usually does his work in the most perfunctory way, and apparently without supervision. The consequences of his unfaithfulness and of his young master's indifference may easily be imagined. The boy's room is too apt to be a chaos. Even if his pride forces him to a certain outward decency in its aspect, his mother, penetrating beneath, finds his bureau drawers and closets in a state which makes her shudder.

Now, why should not a boy be brought up to be quite as neat and orderly as his sister? In these days it is rarely that he goes directly from the care of his mother to that of his wife. There is usually an interregnum of several years during which he must look after himself. If he happen to possess a large income, he may hire expensive service and be kept fairly well; but otherwise he is a poor, helpless fellow. He must have moments when, even if he be of a filial turn, he must wish that he had been brought up differently.

"I wonder if the sweep does his work now as he used to in my day!" laughed a college man of 1860 recently. "Then he used to wash the windows once each term. We always knew when it had been done, because the windows the next day were covered with streaks, and a dim twilight prevailed. His sweeping consisted of standing in the

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middle of the room and reaching out into the corners, whence he gathered in small surface gleanings of dust. About two minutes sufficed for the operation."

A graduate of '95 admitted that matters were managed in very much the same way at the present time.

"If he understands that he is to be well feed for good care, you may have it," he said. "The poorest fellows, who pay only the regular charge, don't have any show beside the fellows who pay extra."

Thus, in an institution of learning, where, if in any spot on the round earth, money should count last in all advantages, again it is the rich boy who gets the most even of pure air and cleanly care.

In colleges for girls either neat maids keep the rooms in perfect order, or the girls themselves, under surveillance, attend to the matter. In the colleges for boys there is too often, as has been said, a shameful neglect on the part of the authorities to see that the janitor does his duty. An overworked "sweep" in a certain college dormitory, when expostulated with for the way in which he neglected his work, replied that he had ninety beds to make daily, and seventy rooms to sweep weekly—with the rest of the necessary chamber-work. The boys reported, with admiration, that he did everything "like lightning!" Indignant mothers who pleaded with the "dean" for an assistant for the wretched drudge were told that the college funds would not permit such an extravagance. On this very day, therefore, that poor fellow, or his successor, is undoubtedly tearing through that great dormitory, leaving behind him fresh disorder, half-done work, and ill odors of all sorts—a lesson in immorality which no college, even if it should have to go without a professor of psychology or of mediæval philology in order to do it, should for one day tolerate.

It is folly, and worse, to furnish the college boy's room extravagantly. Luxury is not good for the elastic moral fiber of youth. It is not good for him to possess satin cushions, lace-trimmed curtains, and expensive bric-à-brac, if, as is usually the case, the chief use to which these things are to be put is as missiles or as armor of defense in his merry "scraps." It is distinctly immoral to habitually abuse fine and dainty objects. Surround your college boy with strong and durable fabrics, incite him in every way to keep his belongings clean and orderly, appeal to the college authorities to demand better service of their paid minions, and then leave the happy undergraduate, with such faith as you can muster, to what may befall him.

A Graceful Dedication

No one can have read much of the writing of Horace Bushnell, the great theologian and preacher, without finding out that he had a warm heart and fine susceptibilities. The character of the man receives a charming side-light from the following dedication of one of his books to his wife, a dedication as simple and natural as it is cheerful and sincere:

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

For once I will dare to break open one of the customary seals of silence, by inscribing this little book to the woman I know best and most thoroughly; having been overlapped, as it were, and curtained in the same consciousness for the last thirty-six years. If she is offended that I do it without her consent, I hope she may get over the offense shortly, as she has a great many others that were worse. She has been with me in many weaknesses and some storms, giving strength alike in both; sharp enough to see my faults, faithful enough to expose them, and considerate enough to do it wisely; shrinking never from loss or blame or shame to be encountered in anything right to be done; adding great and high instigations—instigations always to good, and never to evil mistaken for good; forecasting always things bravest and best to be done, and supplying inspirations enough to have made a hero, if they had not lacked the timber. If I have done anything well, she has been the more really in it that she did not know it, and the more willingly also that having her part in it known has not even occurred to her; compelling me thus to honor not less, but more, the covert glory of the womanly nature; even as I obtain a distincter and more wondering apprehension of the divine meanings, and moistenings, and countless unbought ministries it contributes to this otherwise very dry world.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

Wood-Folk Lore

By Bliss Carman

For every one beneath the sun,
  Where Autumn walks with quiet eyes,
There is a word, just overheard
  When hill to purple hill replies.

This afternoon as warm as June,
  With the red apples on the bough,
I set my ear to hark, and hear
  The wood-folk talking, you know how.

There comes a "Hush!" and then a "Tush!"
  As tree to scarlet tree responds,
"Babble away! He'll not betray
  The secrets of us vagabonds.

"Are we not all, both great and small,
  Cousins and kindred in a joy
No school can teach, no worldling reach,
  Nor any wreck of chance destroy?"

And so we are, however far
  We journey ere the journey ends,
One brotherhood with leaf and bud
  And every thing that wakes or wends.

Mountains and Mountain-Climbing

By E. K. Alden

Though Americans boast no Alpine clubs and keep no elaborate records of *premières ascensions*, and though they are not continually in evidence with blue veils and hob-nailed shoes, they are nevertheless becoming more attached to the noble habit of mountaineering. The wonder is that a race possessing such stores of nervous energy should long have furnished so large a percentage of veranda tourists; that ball-playing, tennis, golfing, and yachting should have crowded out a sport as physically bracing as any one of them and far more stimulating to mind and morals. In fact, it is a mystery why the Yankees, fond of travel and excitement, regardless of time and space, and by no means constitutionally indolent, should not be a nation of mountain-climbers like the English.

Mountaineering implies much more than the mere ascent of a height. Riding up to Hotel Kaaterskill in an Otis Elevating Railway or conquering Mount Washington by a cog-wheel train no more constitutes one a mountaineer than the passage of the Atlantic in an ocean greyhound develops a saloon passenger into an old salt. Mountaineering is thus defined by the elect: Going up a legitimate mountain, all the way up, on foot, without horses, mules, cable-cars, or other appliances for the uplift of body and soul; and it is the noblest sport on earth. It is something more: an education in botany, topography, poetry, self-control, judgment, consideration, and a dozen other things.

But let us take a concrete instance. Mount Lafayette and the Franconia *massif* in the White Hills of New Hampshire will furnish the illustration. Snow-clad peaks aside, few mountains commend themselves to the climber more than Lafayette. It is not yet vulgarized. The old bridle-road has fallen into disuse, and there is no crowding of conventional summer boarders on the steep foot-path. The approach has been made, we will say, along that famous and most inspiring of American woodland ways, the stage-road from the Flume House to the Profile. The top of Lafayette himself disappears miles before the base is reached, hidden by the great shoulder in whose shadow the highway winds. A few rods this side the Profile House we leave the road by an abrupt turn and begin the ascent. Steep almost from the start, shaded by hardwood trees, following the bed of a gully, attacking in zigzags the forbidding front of Eagle Cliff, the path climbs on. Glimpses are caught, now of the great caravansary below, now of its wonderful lakelet, renowned for echoes. Too soon the

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woods shut off the view, and we contemplate, well pleased, the humbler wayside sights—the fireweed or partridge-berry, the purple brunella, the anemones, and mountain elderberry. Thus the first stage comes to an end, as we emerge at the pass between Eagle Cliff and the bold western spur of Lafayette.

As the middle stage is entered we are soon aware of a deep ravine to the left, from whose recesses floats, as higher ground is gained, a sound of unseen cascades. The deciduous trees gradually give way to evergreens, and these latter, with each zigzag, seem visibly to shrink in height. The Ammonoosuc Valley and adjoining country are disclosed, while ahead frowns a reddish mass of rocks—Lafayette's northern peak. The diminishing trees are changing into dwarf balsams as we end the second stage of the ascent and look down again on the western flank; across the Profile Notch rises Cannon Mountain, inaccessible from this side; in a little plateau between it and the neighbor Mount Kinsman reposes a charming mountain tarn, three thousand feet above the sea, whose names, Moran and Lonesome Lake, recall memories of a secluded lodge in the wilderness. And now we address ourselves to the last stage; and first we force a way through a thicket of scrub almost impenetrable without an ax, and are treated midway in the scramble to a near prospect of two tiny ponds, the so-called Eagle Lakes, which nestle in a plateau at the foot of Lafayette's main cone. Soon the timber-line even of scrub is passed, and blueberry-bushes are the chief evidence of vegetation. It is well that the view is unobstructed and constantly widening on three sides, for the last climb over the stones is steep, and the wind sweeps in full force.

Like many other mountain heroes, Lafayette has a false summit; it is this pseudo crown which we have been conquering for some minutes, only to find the real top hundreds of feet beyond. But a compensation exists in the shape of a diminutive spring, whose drops, slowly oozing from the rock, are carefully appreciated; they will be the last for many miles. In five minutes the true summit is reached—a heap of stones surmounted with the foundation of an old signal building. At once all toil is forgotten in the view, in no wise inferior to that from Washington himself. Near and distant mountains by scores stand out with startling clearness. Over the whole White Mountain region and far beyond, from Canada to Wachusett, stretches the panorama. Deep ravines separate us from the Profile Notch. An untraversed wilderness lies to the east, where rises the well-nigh inaccessible Mount Garfield. In the same direction is the Presidential range. Southward the charming valley of the Pemigewasset glistens through the Woodstocks, Thorntons, and Camptons, hemmed in by our own Franconia ridge and the Kinsman and Moosilauke ranges.

But the cutting air and the distance from home are reminders that the most fascinating views have limits in time. To vary the route in the descent of a mountain is always a temptation, especially in this case, since we can traverse the crest of continuing peaks to the south. The part of the walk now to be undertaken is almost unique in this part of the country. With one exception, I know of no trip like this so-called "ridge walk." At the height of five thousand feet you traverse a long and narrow ridge, passing from one sharp elevation to another. There would be barely space for a road on this elongated spine of the mountains. Sheerly fall the rocks westward into the White Cross Ravine and other gulfs that sink into the depression of the Notch; eastward is a maze of forest slopes.

From Lafayette's main peak this interesting path conducts one in a few minutes to the South Peak, and thence to the bold height called Mount Lincoln. The jagged rocks of the latter are the features that give to this Franconia group its wild and tumbled appearance from such points as Lake Moran, the Cascade Brook, or even from the summit of Moosilauke. The formidable proportions of Lafayette are strikingly evident from Lincoln. On this wind-swept *arête* it is a pleasure to exist. There is no real danger except that from sudden fog. But there is a vivid sense of solitude amid these serrated peaks in picking the "strait and narrow way" along the line of hummocks and hollows. From Lincoln we must scramble over steep cliffs and through increasingly thick masses of scrub until the Haystack is reached. Locally applied to all the summits from Garfield to Mount Flume, the name Haystack is properly restricted to the peak half an hour southward from Lincoln. From its plateau-like top the forest curves in a graceful sweep to the symmetrical Liberty, two or three miles still farther south. Attention is needed here to find the blazed path as we emerge from the ledges of the Haystack into the dwarf woods. The trees increase in height as we descend a few hundred feet, and a welcome brook is discovered. Again we wind upward and gain the foot of Mount Liberty. Avoiding the detour to its summit, we follow the Appalachian Club path, which now turns sharply to the right and descends Mount Liberty's western side. For a mile and more it leads us towards the Flume House, till it is abruptly lost in a maze of fallen trees, stumps, and underbrush, where the loggers have played havoc with blazed trees. This desolate region we can flounder through in the dubious chance of striking the path at the lower end of the clearing; but it is easier to keep away to the left on one of the main logging-roads, and, bearing continually to the left in the labyrinth of paths, we hit exactly the foot of the Flume. Thence past the Flume café a woodland lane leads us to the main thoroughfare, which we gain near the Mount Liberty House, and from there homeward the route is through familiar albeit dusty scenes.

Here are obviously no Matterhorns or Grossglockners for glacier-loving divines to conquer and thereby lay up reservoirs of strength for the winter's warfare. No learned talk is here of *séracs* and crevasses; no need exists of guides, porters, or apparatus of ropes and life-saving articles. But, though humbler than the giants of Oberland, Caucasus, or Sierra, these lesser friends of ours are health-giving and inspiring.

The Meanest Boy in School

By Mabel Gifford

If you want to see the smartest fellow in Topton, you just inquire for Blanchard Bixby. He is the jolliest fellow, too. He is always close to one hundred in his per cents at school, and he is ready and hearty for a game of base-ball or tennis, or any fun that is on hand.

Joe Flavin is always boasting what he can do, but you never hear Blanchard Bixby boasting. He never calls a fellow a cheat or a liar, either; he never calls names. Now, that means a good deal on a playground. When Joe Flavin is in the game there is always a row, for he is sure to call names before the game is finished.

Pratt Hovey is the fellow they call the meanest boy at the Brick Street School, and he is always setting Joe on. He likes a row; that is, he likes to see it going on. You don't catch him in it, no siree!

One day (it was about a month before the holiday vacation) Blanchard Bixby came striding home with the hottest face any one had ever seen him show. He rushed through the hall and burst into Grandmother's room like a young cyclone.

"I am going to fight Pratt Hovey to-morrow," he broke out in an angry voice. Blanchard was not afraid to tell anything to Grandmother—she never was shocked.

Grandmother put her hands over her ears, and smiled at her grandson. "I don't wonder," she said, heartily; "he's the boy they call the meanest boy in school, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is, and rightly named. He is meaner than mean. He called me a cheat to-day, and then he called me a coward because I did not fight Joe Flavin for cheating. I won't stand any more of his talk." Blanchard was breathing pretty hard, and brought his fists down on his knees with force enough, Grandmother thought, to crack his knee-pans.

"And you think a flogging will do him good?" asked Grandmother.

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"Yes, I do. It will teach him to keep his mouth shut, and to let me alone in the future."

"Do you suppose that it will teach him to let any of the other boys alone?" asked Grandmother.

"I don't know about that, but I can't help what he does to the other boys. I can fight my own battles, but I should have to be in a fight all the time if I followed him up."

"Are the other boys able to fight their own battles?" asked Grandmother.

"I—don't know about that; Pratt is a tough one, and heavy. All the boys are afraid of him."

"Do you think your blows will reach his heart?" asked Grandmother.

Blanchard looked keenly at Grandmother. "Pratt hasn't any heart to reach," he said, scornfully.

"But supposing he had?"

"Well, no; of course blows would not affect his heart any. He'd be raving mad, and hate me the worst kind. But what else can a fellow do with such a mean cur as Pratt Hovey?"

"If we could only find some way to reach his heart," said Grandmother—"and I am sure he has a little, just a little. Then, you see, it would help all the other boys as well as yourself, and, best of all, it would help Pratt. He is the one that needs helping the most."

There was another kind of a flush on Blanchard's face now. "I reckon you are right, Grandmother," he said, frankly; "but it would be a puzzle to find that way to Pratt's heart."

"Let us put our heads together," said Grandmother, "and see what we can make of this puzzle. If we find the right solution, it will be worth more than any prize puzzle you ever studied out. It is deserving of some pretty hard thinking. And we will just tack your school motto, 'Never say fail,' to it and see what will come of it."

"I wish," said Blanchard, "that Pratt Hovey had a grandmother like you."

"I would like to be a grandmother to him. I just ache to set my eyes on him," said Grandmother. "Couldn't you coax him here sometime?"

"Coax him!" Blanchard drew himself up to his highest point of dignity and frowned a most emphatic refusal. "Coax him! you'd have to coax me a spell, I reckon, before I would so much as allow Pratt Hovey to step across our dooryard."

Grandmother's eyes twinkled. "Well, I am pretty good at coaxing," she said. "I shall try it."

Nobody knew what was the result of Grandmother and Blanchard putting their heads together, nor of Grandmother's coaxing, but this much was known, to the great amazement of the boys at the Brick Street School: Blanchard Bixby did not fight Pratt Hovey the next day. The two boys, with all the other boys at their heels, met at the appointed hour, at the appointed place.

Some of the girls found out what was "in the wind," and ran to the teacher, Miss Willby, some crying and wringing their hands, some scolding and calling Pratt Hovey and Joe Flavin all the hard names contained in their private dictionaries. Pratt's sister went home crying because none of the girls would speak to her, and Joe Flavin's little brother ran into the woods and hid because the boys told him they would "knock spots out of him" if Blanchard was beaten.

Miss Willby, greatly distressed, hastened to the scene of action. The boys were so intently watching the pugilists that they did not observe her approach. The girls halted at a safe distance, and Miss Willby went on alone. When within hearing distance Pratt Hovey was rolling up his sleeves and shouting, "Come on, McDuffy!"

Blanchard did not make any preparations to remove his jacket, and said, quietly, "I am not going to fight to-day."

Pratt came puffing up in a great rage. "You sneak of a coward," he said, "what do mean by that?"

"I mean that I have postponed this fight," said Blanchard, calmly.

"Till when?" roared Pratt.

"I cannot say when."

Pratt burst into a derisive laugh, in which some of the other boys joined, while the rest looked wondering and discomfited. This was so unexpected of a fellow like Blanchard.

"Well, if you won't fight me, I'll fight you!" blustered Pratt, doubling up his fists and making an onset.

Before Pratt reached Blanchard, a whole posse of boys had seized him and thrown him. Joe Flavin was left standing alone, and even he was heard to mutter, "He might have waited for fair play." But, in duty bound to aid his chum, he began kicking the boys outside the struggling heap of legs and arms. Blanchard collared him, and choked him so uncomfortably that he agreed to keep quiet.

Miss Willby was standing just within the shadow of the trees that bordered the battle-field, waiting to see how the affair would end, reserving her authority until things took a desperate turn. As a teacher of the public school, her authority was limited to the boundary lines of the school yard, but as a resident of Topton she could do something. "If I were in your place," she said to Blanchard, "I would go home while they have him down."

"That hardly seems the thing to do," said Blanchard. "He would be likely to fly at me the first time he saw me. We had better have an understanding before we separate."

"Perhaps you are right," said Miss Willby, "but it frightens me to see a boy in such a fury."

Pratt was begging to be let up. He had cursed and threatened without avail, and, finding himself helpless, began to quiet down.

"Will you let him alone?" said one.

"Yes, yes; you are breaking my ribs: ease up a bit, can't you?" groaned Pratt.

"Will you wait peaceable till he sets the day for the fight?" demanded the same speaker.

"Yes, yes; anything so you let me get my breath," answered Pratt, gasping.

The boys came up like one man, and stood silently looking at Pratt, who, after resting a moment, slowly rose to his feet, picked up his cap and jacket, and without a word or look to any one, walked away.

The boys looked as if they wanted to cheer, but were too glad to get him off peaceably to rouse him again by crowing. Joe Flavin sulked at a distance, evidently to see all that was to be seen.

One of the boys sidled up to Blanchard and half-whispered, "Say, Bixby, going to fight him?"

"Yes," said Blanchard.

"He's a-going to! he ain't backed out!" shouted the boy to his companions; "he just said so."

Then the boys could not be kept under. "Hooray! hooray for Bixby!" they shouted at the top of their lungs, while Miss Willby looked at him with troubled eyes.

Blanchard returned her look with such a frank smile that she somehow felt reassured and stepped back to the place where the girls had crouched, whispering and exclaiming and holding their breaths by turns. They were greatly puzzled by what they saw, and eagerly welcomed Miss Willby, plying her with questions.

When all had been told, the girls were hardly the wiser. "It is as good as a continued story," said one. "I never shall stop wondering about it until they have that fight. But I can't endure the thought of Blanchard Bixby fighting. Just imagine him with a black eye and blood on his face and his clothes torn! I wish boys had some other way of settling their disputes."

"What other way is there to settle with a fellow like Pratt Hovey?" asked another.

Day after day the boys waited for another appointment for the fight, but a week went by and Blanchard seemed to have forgotten it. The boys began to feel doubtful. "But he said he would," the boy who had questioned Blanchard repeated every time the subject was mentioned.

Pratt Hovey had taken no notice whatever of Blanchard since the fracas in the field, but one night after school he found Blanchard walking beside him.

"Hello, Pratt! Some of the fellows are coming over to

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my house to-night for a jolly time. Going to have some games and a little spread, you know. Come over, will you?"

Pratt stopped short, and looked at Blanchard as if he could not believe his ears. It was the first invitation he had ever received from Blanchard, who was very choice of his invitations. And now, when things were at their worst, what did it mean? Perhaps it was some kind of a trap. But no, that would not be Blanchard Bixby.

"Will you come?" asked Blanchard. "I have a new book full of tricks and games. We fellows want to try them, and then we are going to have an exhibition."

There was nothing that made Pratt hate Blanchard so much as the very select spreads he had at his home—and now he had the chance to see the inside of the enchanted circle. And there was nothing he liked so well as tricks. "I'll come," he said.

Pratt wondered how the other fellows would treat him, and was greatly relieved to be greeted in a hearty, hail-fellow-well-met fashion, just—he thought to himself—as if he was one of them.

They had a hilarious evening, and it is certain Pratt Hovey never had enjoyed himself so much in his life. After the treat, Blanchard proposed that they go into Grandmother's room and ask her for a story. Grandmother had a reputation among the boys of Topton for telling "jolly" stories—stories of war times and stories of the times when she lived out West in a log cabin.

Grandmother's story was all that had been promised, and Pratt was quite won over to Grandmother's side after seeing and hearing her.

He had a good many questions to ask about the log cabin and the great prairies, and, while the other boys were talking all at once, he found his way to the chair next Grandmother's, and, encouraged by her friendly smile, began conversing with her.

One after another the boys left the room, and Pratt suddenly became aware that he was alone with Grandmother. It came over him, like a shower-bath of mingled ice-cold and burning hot water, that he had been entrapped here, that Blanchard's folks might settle with him for his insults to their son. He longed to rush out of the room, but would not have any one know that he was frightened. He sat nervously on the edge of the chair and shuffled his feet, and kept a sharp lookout at the door.

Grandmother talked on and on, and gave him no chance to make an excuse to leave. She asked him about his studies and his playmates, and he grew more restless with every question. Then she talked about his parents.

At last Grandmother paused and said: "I expect the boys want you by this time. I hope I have not kept you too long. I always like to become acquainted with Blanchard's friends."

"I ain't his friend," blurted out Pratt. "I don't know what he invited me here for. He never liked me, and I never liked him. I sassed him the other day, and he challenged me to fight him. He set the day and then backed out. But he's going to fight me when he gets good and ready."

"Meanwhile," smiled Grandmother, "you two can be friendly, I suppose."

Pratt laughed a little uneasily and awkwardly. He momently expected something to happen, and he was by no means sure how friendly Blanchard's and Grandmother's intentions were.

Grandmother appeared to take his smile for assent. "That's right," she said; "and come in any time. I like to have the boys drop in when they are going by. Good-night."

Pratt joined the gay company in the dining-room, and found them preparing to take leave. They invited Pratt to go along with them. This young man never had been in quite such a dazed condition in his life. He could not make it out; and the boys gave him no chance to say anything. They acted as if they had been in the habit of having him with them, and they all agreed that he had been most skillful with the tricks, which pleased him greatly.

"The next time," said one, "we will try the ribbon trick."

The next time? Was he to be invited again? Pratt was more and more bewildered. It seemed like being taken up and set down in a new world.

The following day at school Pratt actually felt shy in Blanchard's presence; things were strange. But Blanchard did not seem to be troubled or bewildered about anything, and greeted him cordially. Pratt was so engrossed that he forgot to hector the small boys. They thought he must be feeling sick.

The next week another of the boys invited Pratt to his house. "We take turns," he said. "We are going to try some more tricks; and bring your violin—we shall have some music."

Next to tricks Pratt delighted in music. The boys formed an orchestra that night, and asked Pratt to take the part of first violin. He was quite overcome by this honor; Blanchard Bixby had proposed him. "He ain't such a set-up fellow as I thought he was," said Pratt to himself, as he took his homeward way.

Week after week passed, and nothing was said about a fight between Blanchard Bixby and Pratt Hovey, except when some curious lad ventured to ask Blanchard, "Are you going to fight Pratt?" And he always answered, "Yes."

Nobody believed it now, however, for Pratt had become a member of the very select boys' club, and also of their orchestra, and it was plain to all that the two boys were the best of friends. Why they had made up, and how, no one knew. The puzzling thing about it was Blanchard's invariable "Yes" when asked if he was going to fight Pratt.

It was the last week of December that the invitations were sent out for Blanchard Bixby's New Year's Eve party. It was to be a "Ladies' Night," for the sisters and friends of the boys were invited. Pratt Hovey dared not hope to be included in the list. He had always been as cordially detested by the girls as by the boys. He was quite overcome when one of the tiny white envelopes was handed to him by the postmaster.

No doubt this was Blanchard's doing, and no doubt he meant it kindly, but could he stand the averted faces and whispers, the curt civilities, and the little schemes to avoid him that he would be sure to meet? He used to think that he enjoyed making himself disagreeable; he was not so sure about it now. Ever since he could remember, Pratt Hovey had been called the meanest boy in school, and he certainly had striven to merit his name. But of late he had undergone a revulsion of feeling. He hardly knew himself—it seemed as if he were some one else.

Pratt went to the party. He had been undecided until the last minute. He left his hat and coat in the hall, and went diffidently toward the door that hid the merry party from his sight. Suddenly it came open, and a vision of bright lights, flowers, and dainty maids fairly dazzled him.

Before he had time to realize what was happening, one of the maids had pinned a ribbon badge, worked with the Club's initials, to his coat, another fastened a carnation pink just below it, and a third came up with a written slip and told him he must find the mate to that line. He hardly knew whether he was walking on his feet or his head as he followed his pilot to the group of girls who were looking at their slips, and chatting and laughing as they read them.

His courage nearly deserted him when he reached them; he thought to see them shrink away and lose their smiles. Not so; they all came forward with a sweet "Good-evening, Pratt," and held out their slips for his inspection.

Pratt never had believed in fairy stories, and had teasingly laughed at his little sister many times, until she cried, when she came to him with glowing accounts of the fairy princes and princesses; to-night he almost believed in them. Certainly there was some enchantment at work. He did not see the significant glances exchanged slyly between Blanchard and Grandmother.

Grandmother went all around the room, and shook hands with every boy and girl there, giving an extra squeeze to

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Pratt's hard hand, and saying to all, "Bless you, children! have as good a time as you can."

The party was to last until midnight. Five minutes after twelve all were to take leave.

They had a merry evening of it, and at last seated themselves for a little quiet amusement before refreshments were served. Blanchard stepped out and began to make a speech. "On the last night of the year," he said, "all debts should be paid and accounts balanced. I owe Pratt Hovey a chance to fight me, and I am ready to square accounts now. If you will put on your wraps and come out on the lawn, we will square accounts. It's bright moonlight, and the snow is hard as rock."

The girls looked puzzled and frightened, and shrank back, but Blanchard called out, "Come on, girls! we want you all to witness that there is fair play."

Whoever heard of such a thing as a fight at a party! It was a very silent little company that slowly walked out into the moonlight. The two boys took their places. The girls wished they had remained at home, and the boys inwardly reproached Blanchard for spoiling such a merry time. Why should he choose this night of all nights to square accounts with Pratt Hovey?

The two boys looked at each other, and Pratt stepped back a little to get into position. It was so still on the lawn that no one would have mistrusted there was a living being there.

"I offered to fight you once," said Pratt, drawing nearer to Blanchard.

"Yes," said Blanchard.

"And you backed out."

"Yes."

"Well, now you offer to fight me?"

"Yes."

"And I back out."

And back out he did, into the midst of the group of boys holding their breaths and waiting the onset. Such a shouting as went up from their united throats! They seized Pratt by the arms and legs, and ran, cheering and laughing, back to the house, while the girls followed, clapping their hands and crying, "Three cheers for Pratt Hovey!" Blanchard Bixby followed, smiling to himself in the moonlight and thinking of Grandmother.

When Pratt had been set upon his feet, very red and happy, and Blanchard had arrived, looking serene and contented, Pratt remarked, "You see, Blanchard, you have been fighting me so hard ever since that day you backed out that you have taken the fight all out of me."

There was a great handshaking then between the two boys, and Blanchard led the way to the supper-room, saying, "There is nothing now to interfere with the toasts, or the 'Happy New Years' after twelve."

Nothing more was ever heard of the Meanest Boy in School.

Living Batteries

By Charles Frederick Holder

The remarkable progress made in electrical science within the past few years has directed attention to the few and little-known living or animal electric batteries, the experiments which have been made with them, and the strange possibilities which are apparent. Among the fishes nine are known which have this singular faculty or power, the torpedo ray being one of the most familiar. As an illustration of its power, a fisherman told the writer that he had been almost paralyzed by accidentally coming in contact with one of these fishes, while other fishermen had had arms and hands benumbed by the slightest contact.

Not very many years ago the fishermen of Italy believed that they were at times bewitched by some singular power that came up from the sea, and this was held until Redi, the Italian naturalist, discovered in the seventeenth century that the witch was a very common fish, the torpedo. Réaumer, who tested the fish, says that the benumbing sensation is unlike any that he had experienced, but more like a blow upon the "crazy" bone than anything else he could describe.

Neither of these scientists discovered the true nature of the power the fish seemed to possess, this being reserved for Dr. Walsh, an eminent physician of London, who by his experiments aroused remarkable interest in the living batteries with which he hoped to effect cures. He found that the fish is a perfect battery, constructed on the principle of the voltaic pile. It consists of two layers or series of cells of hexagonal shape, as many as two thousand five hundred being found in a small fish. Between them is a jelly-like fluid, so that each cell, to all intents and purposes, represents a Leyden jar. From each cell nerves extend away, the dorsal or upper side being positive, the lower negative.

Dr. Walsh gave regular séances with the fish, which he conducted in a way to excite great curiosity. Having arranged his torpedo and audience so that they formed a perfect chain, he completed the circle, and succeeded in giving each of his auditors a shock which may be compared to that received from a Leyden jar. When the fish was insulated it communicated to many people, also insulated, four or five shocks in a minute. Matteucci estimated that the shock given by the fish is equivalent to that given by a voltaic pile of a hundred to two hundred and fifty plates.

The singular experiments of Dr. Walsh, given in a somewhat sensational manner, produced an electrical craze in London, and large sums were paid for the privilege of trying the new cure. Experiments showed that the fish could kill a reed-bird. Its power is not sufficient to kill a man, but fishermen have been knocked down by the shocks which passed up the handle of the spear. Even after death the powers of this singular battery are apparent, and those holding the dissecting-knife have been seriously interfered with.

The most powerful of all the living electrical batteries known is, without doubt, the gymnotus, or electric eel of South America, which was first brought to the attention of the European public by Richer, the astronomer, who presented his experiences with one of the big eels to the French Academy of Sciences in an elaborate paper and was laughed at. No one would believe him, and seventy years passed before the story of an electric South American fish was credited. Then Condamine, the naturalist, proved it, and later a Dutch surgeon compared it to a Leyden jar.

The large eels, ten or fifteen feet in length, in their full vigor are often dangerous to human life. One which was captured near Calabozo for the British Museum prostrated a horse and rider in the struggle, and when finally dragged ashore by two natives gave them such serious shocks that they screamed aloud. An Englishman rushed forward and cut the line, receiving a shock himself.

The batteries, four in number, lie two on each side of the under surface, occupying nearly the entire lower half of the trunk. The plates are vertical instead of horizontal as in the case of the torpedo, while the cells are horizontal instead of vertical. They constitute the defense of the fish, and are powerful enough to kill the largest fishes. With this fish Professor Faraday performed his experiments which were described by Professor Owen.

One of the African catfishes, *Malapterurus electricus*, is a famous electrician, and its powers are appreciated by the natives, some of whom use it for various purposes. As a medicine it is used by placing several of the living electricians in a tub and forcing the patient to enter it, and thus receive a shock which is supposed to cure many of the ills that African flesh is heir to. Persons suspected of crime are forced to hold the fishes in their hands, their ability to do so being evidence of their innocence. In this little electrician the electric cells envelop the entire body except the fins and head, so that all enemies attacking it are received with a fusillade of shocks.

Of all the defenses found among animals, this is the most singular, and certainly one of the most effective, as few predatory fishes could withstand the series of electric shocks which would be the result of an attack.

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For the Little People

A Cradle Song

By Jane Bushnell Dickinson

There the drowsy poppies grow,
There the south winds ever blow,
There is neither frost nor snow
In By-lo land.

Only sweetest songs are heard,
Never cross or selfish word,
Every heart by love is stirred
In By-lo land.

Yonder grows the dreamland tree,
Full of pleasant dreams for thee,
Dreams of joy in years to be;
O By-lo land!

Come with me, my little one,
Good-night to the setting sun;
Baby's happy day is done,
Now By-lo land!

He Found a Mother

By Mary Allaire

He stood at the end of a counter gazing out into Broadway. About him were woolly dogs and cotton cats, a Jack-in-the-box, and several games. Across the aisle were a number of girl dolls, who were so close to one another that they could not be lonesome. In the case back of the counter were a lot more dolls of all sizes and complexions, but all girls. It was night when I saw him first. Great crowds were rushing past. People were hurrying in and out of the store, but no one looked at him. Apparently no one wanted a boy doll. He had on a blue coat and trousers, a blue and white flannel shirt-waist, and a sailor hat—white straw with a blue ribbon band—with an elastic that went under his chin. His hair was yellow, and curled; his eyes were blue. After I went home I kept thinking of that dear boy alone in that store, without any one to love him, or even to show any interest in him. The girl dolls were being sold very fast, and probably by the next night would be all gone, and the dear boy would be still more lonesome.

It would be cruel for me to bring him home, for I am so busy that I cannot give Elizabeth—you know Elizabeth—any time. I must find a mother for this boy—some one who will be very tender and kind to him. In the morning I thought of a little girl who would be a mother to him. She had other dolls, but she seemed to have great capacity for loving dolls, and I knew if she once heard how much he needed a mother she would take him right into her heart.

Late in the afternoon I went to the store resolved that if no one had bought the boy I would, for I knew where to find him a mother.

There he stood, all alone. The dogs and cats were gone, nearly all the dolls, and all the games. He stood as if keeping guard over the remnants of the toy bazaar.

I bought him. Christmas morning I brushed him off carefully, took his hair out of curl-papers, put on his hat, and then tucked this note under his arm:

"I have no mamma. Please let me be your little boy."

I took him to the little girl. She had a new doll—very large and beautifully dressed. The little girl's mamma read her the note. She stretched out both her arms and took the little boy right to her heart. I left them feeling very happy, for the dear lonesome little boy had found a mamma, and a sweet little girl had found another child to love.

The Sandman

By E. C. Whitney

"Doddle, doddle, doddle!" and a merry laugh comes up from under the table by my side.

Under the table sits a little one-year-old, surrounded by spools, rubber toys, and a host of *bits* so precious to a little heart.

"Doddle, doddle, doddle!" but this time a gape in place of the laugh. The gape reminds mamma that the little lady's bedtime is nearing. Mamma looks at the clock, which says, "Baby has just a little more time to play."

Another gape. Surely baby sees the Sandman. One chubby fist and then another turns and twists in baby's eyes. Ah! now the Sandman is near enough to smile on her.

A little jerk, a pettish snarl, plainly tell mamma that the little spool won't stay on the top of the big one. It is so near night that I suspect the little spool is tired—too tired to stand up straight any longer.

Now the Sandman stretches out his arms to Baby Louise. She thinks she can run away from him, so she creeps up to "mamma, mamma," and buries her little round face in a lap which is always glad to hold it. But mamma doesn't want her to run away from the Sandman. He knows just the time each little girl and boy should go to bed. He is always gentle and pleasant with little folks.

Off comes one shoe, then off comes the other, and all the baby's clothes. Again the Sandman smiles; this time he is *very* near. Baby knows it, and drops her tired little head on mamma's arm. The little white nightdress is put on; the nice, warm milk is drunk; the baby is laid in her own little bed; mamma says the evening prayer, and kisses baby good-night.

Now is the time when the Sandman begins his work. He kisses his finger-tip and lays it on each small eyelid. Soon Baby Louise is fast asleep. Just as the little peepers are shut tight, the Sandman quickly pulls two small sand-bags from his pocket and lays one on each closed eye. Next he takes the baby in his strong arms and holds her so warm and close that baby smiles in her sleep.

Do you think the Sandman's work is all done? Oh, no! He does not run off to put some other baby to sleep, for there are just as many Sandmen as there are babies and little children. No little one should be afraid to go to sleep in the dark, for when mamma leaves the room the Sandman stays close by. The Sandman can see both in the dark and in the light.

Maybe you would like to know how you can keep the Sandman close to you all night. First, you must lie very still, for the Sandman likes quiet better than anything else. Any sudden or loud noise drives him right away. He always sits on the baby's bed, and is very fond of being rocked gently or of listening to a soft song like a lullaby. Another thing he is afraid of is any sickness. It is very hard to get him to stay with a sick child, so if you want the Sandman to watch while you sleep, you must not tease mamma to let you eat things which she says will make you sick.

There is a good deal to learn about the Sandman, but I am going to tell you only one thing more.

Almost every little boy and girl has some mischief in his or her little heart. Why, even the little one-year-old who sits under the table by me does a good many funny things. And so the Sandman enjoys a little fun and mischief too. Sometimes he will squeeze baby just a little to see her smile in her sleep; sometimes he pulls one sand-bag slowly off baby's eye to make her fuss a little; and even lifts up the little eyelid to make her wake up quickly—then he laughs and darts off. Don't you think he is a funny fellow? I think he is like some big brothers, don't you?

When the sun is bright and high the Sandman slowly draws the sand-bags off each eye, kisses the baby very gently until she begins to smile and open her eyes—then leaves so quietly and quickly that baby never sees him go.

Are you not glad to know how the Sandman takes care of you, my little folks?

A Busy Family

It was near the flower market in Washington that I saw them first—the father, mother, and two children. They were in front of an iron fence that surrounded a park. Christmas greens made up into wreaths and crosses, and in long ropes of green for decorating, were hanging on the fence. A board on two barrels was in front of them. On this board were piles of wreaths, long strings of holly-berries, and piles of holly. But the members of this family were too busy to bother with customers. Between the fence and the board was a stove, the top of which was about as large as this page. A stovepipe with an elbow projected above the stove, and out of this the smoke was pouring just about the height of the eyes of the men and women passing. On top of the stove was a frying-pan, and in it was some bacon. The mother was cooking the bacon, sitting on her feet on one side of the stove; the father, smoking a cob pipe, sat on the other side watching intently; and both the children leaned over the mother's shoulder as if the bacon were liable to hop out of the pan, and they must be ready to run after and capture it. I waited a few minutes, but breakfast was far more important than customers, and no one even glanced at me. "I'll try again," I decided, and walked off. The next morning I went again. There was the smoke pouring across the sidewalk, and there were the four, in just the same position, except that the father held a tin coffee-pot, black with smoke, close to the side of the stove. This time the pan held some small fish. There were the piles of wreaths, and ropes of green, and strings of berries. I waited again for some one to sell me a wreath, but they were too busy. After breakfast would be time enough to sell, they thought.

I doubt if they ever get rich, but they are certainly happy, and they love each other. You would have found that out in the way they spoke to each other, and the way the children leaned on each other.

For them there was something else in life than making money.

A Little Girl and Her Doll

It was Christmas afternoon. In the middle of the room was a beautful Christmas-tree. The children who were gathered about the tree were children who did not have very much Christmas at home. There were dolls for the little girls and toys for the little boys, books and candies and a good time for all. After the children sang, the presents were given out. One tiny little girl about four years old, dressed in a pink calico dress that had been washed a good many times, was given a doll not quite half as long as this page. It was dressed in blue, and had on its curly head a white lace cap. The little girl looked in rapture at the doll for a moment and then ran with it to "her baby," as she called it, who was in her mother's lap at the end of the room. The baby took it carefully in his hands, and, after admiring it for a few minutes, gave it back to the little mother. She hugged it closely to her and climbed up into a big chair. Here she sat, in the midst of the wildest excitement, unmoved. She rocked back and forth, then stopped long enough to kiss the doll rapturously and then hush it to sleep. When her book was given to her, she put it behind her; when her bag of candy was given to her, she did the same. There was nothing in the world for this little girl that compared with the little doll. When it was time to put on her coat, she was in terror lest something should happen to the wonderful doll. She left the room and went down the steps, gazing in rapture and tenderness at her darling, saying not a word, and remembering only the precious little bundle in blue and white held tightly in her arms.

He Loved a Smile

This story is told of a newsboy. A lady bought a paper of a ragged newsboy, and dropped with a smile a few extra pennies into his sooty hand, saying: "Buy you a pair of mittens; aren't you cold?" He replied: "Not since you smiled."

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Christ and the Social Order

A Sermon by Lyman Abbott[1]

And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand.—Matt. x., 7.

A kingdom is an organization. What Christ said to his disciples was that a new order, or a new organization, was at hand. This was to be their message. Jesus Christ did not come into the world, primarily, to save individuals from a wrecked society, to prepare men in this life for another life; he came primarily to organize a new social and industrial order, to teach men how to live here and now; and out of that order and that new life, and by it, to prepare for a larger life hereafter.

We are to interpret these words of Christ, The kingdom of God is at hand, by the condition of Israel and its history. The Israelitish people had an ideal of a kingdom. It is sketched for us in what are known as the Mosaic books. Scholars formerly believed that this ideal was at one time an actual kingdom; scholars now generally regard it as largely an ideal one, never fully realized. It is not important for my purpose to consider which of these two views is correct. It is enough to say that it was the ideal in the Jewish mind in the time of Christ. In this ideal commonwealth, then, whether it was historic or not, God was recognized as the Supreme Ruler. It was known as a theocracy. The authority, coming from God, came through men. There was, if not universal, certainly popular, suffrage. The people elected their own rulers by a common and general vote; and these rulers were gathered in representative assemblies, not as well organized, not as well defined, as ours, but not altogether unlike them—a popular chamber known as The Great Congregation, and a smaller chamber known as The Elders. The authority of the executive was defined. There were many things which he could not do. In an age of universal despotism, in this ideal Hebraic commonwealth despotism was absolutely prohibited, and pretty effectually prohibited. When, at a much later day, Ahab, a most despotic king, desired to get possession of a poor man's land, he could not do it without corrupting the court and securing the poor man's conviction on false charges of crime. In this ideal commonwealth the land belonged to God—that is, practically, to the entire community; and the individual had, at most, a right to it for only fifty years. At the end of that fifty years it was supposed to revert again to God, or to the community. It is true that it is very doubtful whether this provision ever actually was put in operation, but it is there in the ideal commonwealth. In this community provision was made for the poor. Education was provided for. A particular class were appointed whose business it was to educate the people, and parents were required to educate their children. Slavery and war were discouraged. The employment of cavalry for offensive war was absolutely prohibited. There was a priesthood, but the priesthood were not allowed to have any rights in the land. They were made dependent upon the voluntary contributions of the people. They were deprived of that kind of control which, in the Middle Ages, the priesthood exercised throughout Europe.

These are some of the general features, very briefly sketched, of this theocracy, this ideal commonwealth of the Hebrew people. If it ever existed in its fullness, it is certain that it soon fell into ruins. But the prophets were continually reminding the people of it and inspiring hopes of its renewal. The Old Testament prophecies abound with pictures of the time when the theocracy should be re-established, the kingdom of God should again come upon the earth. There is a time coming, said these prophets, when men shall beat their spears into plowshares and their swords into pruning-hooks, when nations shall learn of war no more, when law shall go out of Zion—that is, shall be enforced simply by the sense of obligation to God. There is a time coming when religious education will be so universal that no man will need to say to his neighbor, Know the Lord; for every one in childhood will have been taught to know Him. There will come a time when a new King will come upon the earth and re-establish the old theocracy. And when he—the Messiah—comes, Palestine, his home, will become the center of a great civilization, and nations from afar will come, and the kingdom will widen and broaden until it takes in the whole of humanity. Nay, the very animals will feel the effect of the change, and the lion and the lamb will lie down together, and the poison of the asp will be gone; the little child can play with the poisonous serpent, the little child can lead the wild beasts. Under these twofold instructions—this ideal of a kingdom of the past, this glowing picture of a kingdom of the future—the coming of a theocracy was the universal expectation throughout Palestine in the time of Christ. This was not an expectation of a kingdom beyond the stars. In the days of Moses there was no knowledge of immortality. In the days of the Hebrew prophets there was only the faintest gleam of a conception of it. The expectation was of a kingdom to be wrought out upon this earth. It was an expectation of a new social, political, and industrial order.

Now, Jesus Christ did nothing to correct this belief. He did something to correct misapprehension respecting it, something to correct ideas as to how it should be brought about; but he nowhere intimated that there was not to be such a new social order. On the contrary, he affirmed, directly and explicitly, as well as impliedly, that this kingdom was to come. When angels sang their song at his birth, they heralded Peace on earth, good will towards men. When Christ taught his disciples to pray, it was to pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." His first sermon—the Sermon on the Mount—was an exposition of the laws of this kingdom. It was an exposition of the principles by which men should be governed in their relations one with another. He told them how they ought to settle their quarrels; how they should control their tongues; what were the principles by which they should be actuated in dealing with their enemies; with what spirit they should enter upon their industry. The Sermon on the Mount, from beginning to end, is an exposition of the laws and principles of a new social order upon the earth. That which characterizes this Sermon characterizes the great mass of Christ's teaching. If you will read your New Testament with this in mind, you may be surprised to find how little there is said in it about what we ordinarily call religion; how little about church-going, about Bible reading, about forms of public worship, about questions of theology—Trinity, Atonement, Vicarious Sacrifice, Doctrine of Inspiration; nay, how little even about the nature of God and of the future life. All that Christ says is said in the glow and glory of the love of a present God and of a light that streams in from the eternal world. He assumes that he is an immortal being speaking to immortal beings. He assumes that he is the Son of his Father and that we may become sons of that Father. But when you come to analyze his teaching, the great bulk of it is devoted to a consideration of the duties which men owe one to another. What does love mean? what does patience mean? what do the rich owe to the poor? what do the strong owe to the weak? what do the wise owe to the ignorant? on what principles ought men to administer the property which they possess?—these and such as these are the questions to which his teaching is chiefly devoted. He came the prophet of a new social order upon the earth. If he had not so come, we might well doubt him. Any one who assumed to tell men how they should live hereafter, and could not tell them how to live here, we might well doubt. Even if it were true that this world was a ship upon the rocks and that Christ had come to tell men how to escape, the first word the captain must give to his crew when they are panic-stricken is how they shall behave, now, while waiting for further orders. The foundation of preparation for the life to come is the life here.

Instructed in the principles of a new social order, the disciples went forth to preach the kingdom of God on the earth. Of course they could not believe that that kingdom of God was to be initiated by them. This transcended the possibilities of their faith. How could it be otherwise? Could these twelve men, facing the whole pagan world,

[1] Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday evening, November 10, 1895. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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believe that they could reconstruct it? And when they did preach, and men heard their calling, what sort of men heard? The slaves and the freedmen, the poor and the outcast, these made their congregations. How could they expect to revolutionize the Roman Empire, break its yoke asunder, set aside the despotism, and bring in a reign of peace and liberty and justice on the earth? It was impossible—and they did not believe it. They believed the Messiah would come again in great glory. They waited and watched for that coming, and grew heartsick because he did not come. Little by little the Church abandoned its hope of a world-wide kingdom. The teachings of the Sermon on the Mount applied only to those that were, as it was said, converted. The Church drew a line between the world and the Church, and it applied these teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ only to the Church. It divided men into two classes, the religious and the secular, and it considered these laws to apply only to the religious, and not to the secular. And yet even the Church was apparently not ready for them. Hence men separated themselves still further from the Church. They organized brotherhoods, and in these brotherhoods they endeavored to carry out the spirit and the principles of Christ's instruction. We look back upon those brotherhoods to-day with disdain. We do them wrong. It is difficult to see how any man could have done more to promote the kingdom of Christ on the earth than St. Francis of Assisi did with his brotherhood of the poor. His methods were not always right, his teachings were not altogether Christ's, but still the spirit of Christ was in them. The monasteries, it is true, became nests of corruption and fraud and impurity. But they were not so at first. If we compare the monasteries with the life of to-day, then, indeed, they seem to be evil; but if we compare them with the life that surged around them, they were indeed admirable. Everywhere else lust reigned; in these monasteries, in their early history, comparative purity. Everywhere else ignorance reigned; these monasteries were the custodians of the libraries and the treasure-houses of learning. Everywhere else rapine reigned; these monasteries were the almoners of charity, charity towards one another, charity to the world without. While some men in the Church endeavored to organize brotherhoods that would be in accordance with the spirit of Christ's teaching, other men undertook sporadic efforts to carry those principles into the world in local communities. The Waldenses in their Italian valleys endeavored to found brotherhoods in accordance with the spirit of Christ's teaching. Savonarola died in the endeavor to make Florence a Christian city. Calvin undertook to make Geneva at once a Christian State and a Christian Church, and required that every citizen should subscribe to simple articles of faith. The Pilgrim Fathers, borrowing that idea from Calvin, came across the sea, not to found a community in which every man should worship as he pleased, but to found on this rock-bound coast a revived and renewed theocracy borrowed from the Old Testament. These sporadic efforts failed; for the most part, because in them men attempted, not to inspire government with the spirit of Christ, but to use government to coerce men into loyalty to Christ. And that always fails.

But out of these sporadic efforts there grew a wider sense of brotherhood, little by little a new social order. It has been a long time growing, but it has grown—grown steadily. I sat in my study window to-night, looked out over the harbor, and saw the "Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World." One little electric light shining over a few square miles of water we call the "Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World." Like that statue in the dark night stood these monasteries and these prophets and apostles, some of them Roman Catholic, some of them Protestant, holding aloft the light. From each little community light was communicated to other communities, until, spreading on in wave after wave and circle after circle, it has become a light enlightening the world. Formerly, the whole world was under the heel of one despot; now throughout Christendom government is founded on a recognition of a popular sovereignty. Whereas, then, war was the universal method of settling controversies, every wronged man fought the man that had wronged him, and the avenger of blood was universal; now, at least, we have come to recognize this, that when two men quarrel they shall not fight it out with fists or pistols, but shall submit the difference to the arbitrament of some disinterested tribunal. Whereas then all women were serfs, or, at best, were confined in ignorance at home, forbidden the public street, forbidden literature and largeness of life, now we open wide the doors of every opportunity to women. Then marriage was so loose a bond that a man could dismiss his wife as easily as a modern can dismiss his servant; and the only difficulty that even Judaism attached to divorce was the requirement that the husband should give the wife a writing telling her why he sent her away. To-day the ancient paganism struggles back in some of our States, it is true, but we are coming to recognize the marriage bond as for better or worse, for richer or poorer, till death shall part. Then all labor was servile. Now all labor is honored, and it is only the idle—at least in America—that are despised. Then there were no schools for the common people—outside of Palestine, absolutely none. The Church has planted the convent school; and the convent school has become the parish school; and the parish school has become the public school. Then the weak were like soldiers that drop out of the march and are left to die by the wayside. Now there are so many hospitals in Brooklyn that it is no longer the City of Churches, but the City of Hospitals; and the only question when one is injured is to what kind of a hospital he shall be taken.

Compare for a moment the Roman Empire with our own. They are not unlike in extent of territory, in heterogeneity of population. Both were made up of separate States or provinces, welded together in one great imperial organization. But in other respects how unlike! There, one Nero stood on the throne, holding his hand upon the very throats of the one hundred and twenty millions of people. Here, government of the people, for the people, by the people. There, a standing army, which ruled with despotic power over every province. Here, a standing army of twenty-five thousand men—if the army is full—barely enough to protect the unoffending Indians from the predatory warfare of the Western pioneers! Then, no school except the gymnasium for the body and rhetoric for the tongue, teaching men two things—how to use their fists and how to use their lips. Now the school is in every village and by the side of every church. Then, not even a word in the Latin tongue to express the home, and no home, as we understand it—father and mother sitting in equal love, side by side, with their children gathered about them. Here, innumerable homes. For the glory of America is not in its palaces, not in its cathedrals, not in its railroads, not in its telegraphs, not in its poured-out wealth, but in its Christian homes. Put these two empires side by side, and then say whether history has not justified the declaration of Christ, "The kingdom of God is at hand."

Whether, then, we consider the ancient commonwealth, or the prophetic promises of the Hebrew preachers, or the teaching of Christ himself, or the sporadic endeavors to realize that teaching in brotherhoods and missionary endeavors, or that which has grown out of it in the development of a Christian civilization—I think we shall see that Christ came to initiate a new social order upon the earth.

Is it completed? Is there nothing more? While Europe is armed to the teeth, and every morning we listen for the echoes of the cannon from the Bosphorus or from the borders of China, while in our own land every now and then the mob and the corporation set themselves in battle array, one against the other, in the streets of Brooklyn or the streets of Chicago, can we say that we have peace on earth and good will among men? It is the divine law, By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy daily bread. Even in blessed America there are men numbered by the thousands and tens of thousands who want to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, and cannot. Enforced idleness, says Carlyle, is the Englishman's

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hell. Have we gotten the kingdom of God when men are shut up in enforced idleness? The earth shall bring forth abundance in that kingdom. It does not now. There is bread enough and to spare; and yet, not only in less favored lands but still even in our own, men and women shiver with cold, are houseless in storm, are hungry and unfed. There may not be a cure for poverty, but there is somewhere a cure in God's kingdom for pauperism. No one that knows the Episcopal Church will think that any English bishop can be a violent radical, and no one that knows Bishop Westcott will for a moment suspect Bishop Westcott of being a violent radical. Let me introduce Bishop Westcott into this Congregational pulpit to speak to you a moment. I read from his address given at the Church Congress in Hull, England, October 1, 1890:

> Wage-labor, though it appears to be an inevitable step in the evolution of society, is as little fitted to represent finally or adequately the connection of man with man in the production of wealth as at earlier times slavery or serfdom. Our position is one of expectancy and preparation, but we can see the direction of the social movement. We wait for the next stage in the growth of the State, when, in full and generous co-operation, each citizen shall offer the fullness of his own life that he may rejoice in the fullness of the life of the body. Such an issue may appear to be visionary. It is, I believe, far nearer than we suppose. It is at least the natural outcome of what has gone before. Society has been organized effectively without regard to the individual. The individual has been developed in his independence. It remains to show how the richest variety of individual differences can be made to fulfill the noblest ideal of the State when fellow-laborers seek in the whole the revelation of the true meaning of their separate offerings; and nothing has impressed me more during my years of work than the rapidity and power with which the thoughts of dependence, solidarity, and brotherhood, of our debt to the past and our responsibility for the future, have spread among our countrymen.

It may seem to you, and to many of you it will seem, very needless that I should have given this introductory sermon. And yet I do not think it was wholly needless. For still there are many who imagine that the main function of Jesus Christ in the world is to save individuals from future torment; and when the minister begins to speak of a new social order, when he begins to attempt to apply the principles of Jesus Christ to present social conditions, when he considers the industrial or the political problem, they think he has gone out of his proper sphere. He has not. He may take up those problems in an evil spirit; he may deal with them with insufficient knowledge; and his interpretation will be sure to be imperfect and inadequate, for the best of us know only in part—but he has not gone out of his proper sphere. The end of Christ's coming is a kingdom of God on the earth. The primary object of Jesus Christ was to teach men how to live in their relations one with another. What is the spirit that should actuate them, what are the methods by which they should be governed, in their relations one with another? To this he gives answer. The Church has something to say on the relations of capitalist and laborer; something to say on the industrial problem; something to say on political life; something to say on the principles of the kingdom of God in their application to the kingdoms of this earth. And, on the other hand, there are not a few individuals who scoff at the Christian religion because it postpones all blessedness to a future state, because they imagine that we ministers stand in our pulpits to make men content with their present position by offering them a vision of the future, and who suppose that the Christian religion has stood athwart the car of human progress. No! It is only in Christendom that liberty has grown. It is only in Christendom that wealth has been diffused. It is only in Christendom that schools have been planted, that hospitals have been established, that the laborer has been enfranchised. It is only in Christendom that the first steps toward a universal brotherhood have been taken. Whatever else Christianity may mean, at least it means these two things—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The two are different aspects of the same truth; and it is as truly atheistic to deny the second as to deny the first.

The Guidance of the Inner Light

A Message for the New Year

By the Rev. John Watson

No serious person, tossed by the perplexities of duty, and finding himself daily at the dividing of the roads, but must envy the Jew who had the blazing stones of the High Priest's breastplate, or the Greek with his Delphic oracle. One does not forget that God has given us the austere authority of conscience and the sublime instincts of the heart for our guidance; and that he cannot wander far from the paths of righteousness whose conscience is tender, whose heart is pure. One also understands how the very confusion and anxiety concerning the Divine Will into which we fall become a salutary trial of faith and a bracing discipline of character. The responsibility and agony of choice lift us out of spiritual childhood and bring us to man's estate.

We can, however, imagine a more sensitive condition of the soul, when, instead of working out our course by weary calculations, we should steer by the stars in a cloudless sky, and instead of being driven with bit and bridle, we should be guided by God's eye. Is there for us in this dispensation of the Holy Ghost, after all the long ages of religious development, no Inner Light to give us constant and unerring guidance? So that, instead of arguing, puzzling, struggling, we shall only have to wait and watch and obey?

Jesus answers this longing of the heart with the parable of the shepherd and the sheep. As the Eastern shepherd comes in the morning to the fold, and in the dewy dawn calls his own by name, and they, separating themselves from all others, follow him whithersoever he goes to set of sun; so in childhood, while the world lies outside our shelter—a place of mystery—does Jesus speak within the soul, and from that time leads all, who hear, along the ways of life, till we come again to the fold when the shadows begin to fall.

This Inner Voice, heard in the secret place of our being, is no dream, for the mystics have found the promise of Jesus to be true, and their faces bear witness to the quietness within. The countenance of a Friend is a mirror of the Peace of God which passeth all understanding. It is a silent, gentle rebuke to those whose careworn foreheads reveal careworn souls. Why are we left without our guide in this wilderness of life, where the tracks are innumerable, and yet only one is the path of the Divine Will?

We do go astray, not because we have no guide, but because our souls are callous to His presence. As the Indian can detect a footstep by the bruising of a leaf, so Christians of delicate temper follow Jesus as by an instinct. They are quick to catch the lowest whisper, responsive to the softest impression, open to the faintest signs. Duty is "laid upon" them as the gentle dew falls on the grass, and truth springs up within them as a living well. They move with Jesus in a perpetual fellowship of mind, and they detect the slightest imprint of his feet by the sign of the nails.

As the years pass, some of us are accumulating a treasure of experience, wherein, yielding to suggestions that came like the wind, with a certain mystery of origin, with a certain pressure of authority, we discovered that we had been the servants of our Father's Will. We also are filled with regret and self-reproach because of the suggestions of the Divine Spirit which fell upon our unconscious souls like snow upon a blind man's face. And we are resolved to be no longer faithless but believing, to expect every day the shining of the Light within, and without delay or question to obey the heavenly vision.

If duty becomes laborious, do it more fervently. If love becomes a source of care and pain, love more nobly and more tenderly. If doubts disturb and torture, face them with more earnest thought and deeper study.—*James Martineau.*

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Books and Authors

Catholic Socialism [1]

This book is historical and critical rather than philosophical. It is not altogether easy to determine the author's point of view. He is certainly not a partisan; for he does not hesitate to criticise very freely the present industrial order, Socialistic schemes of reform, the Roman Catholic Church, and the Protestant Churches. We should, however, characterize him as a moderate Socialist and a liberal Roman Catholic. As a history of the relation of the Roman Catholic Church to the Socialistic movement the book is the most complete we have met; we suppose it to be the most complete that has ever been published. And though the author is not wholly free from prejudice—who is?—as an interpreter he is certainly fair-minded.

There are material points in which we agree with criticisms on the text made in the notes by the translator. M. Renan is not an authority on the teachings of Jesus Christ or the Apostles, and as an interpreter of those teachings is not to be taken seriously. Generally we think her corrections of the author's interpretations of Scripture are justified. The attempt to carry Socialism back to ancient times and find its seeds in Hebrew history is not successful. Communism and Socialism denounce the sins of the rich and the oppressor of the poor; so did the Hebrew prophets; but it does not follow that the latter were either Communists or Socialists. Communism is the doctrine that property should be held in common and administered by the community. Except in the suggestion of the Mosaic law that land is not private property, there is no hint of common ownership in the Old Testament; except in its history of a purely voluntary communism in the Jerusalem Church, there is no such hint in the New Testament. Socialism is the doctrine that co-operation should take the place of competition in industry. Except as by its spirit of love the Bible lays a foundation for this doctrine, no hint of it is to be found in either Old Testament or New Testament. Whether Professor Nitti's interpretation of the Fathers of the Church is any more accurate than that of the prophets and apostles we are not prepared to say. Certainly the passages which he cites are not in any proper sense either Communistic or Socialistic, though there is no doubt that Communism was a common theory in the early Church. Nor can we think that his antithesis between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Church makes out the former to be more Socialistic—in the proper sense of that term—than the latter. It was undoubtedly more paternal; but that is another matter. Between the doctrine that the Church should own the property of the community and administer it for the community, and the doctrine that the community should own and administer it for its own benefit, there is a wide difference, perhaps as wide as between either doctrine and that of individual ownership and administration. Socialism is a modern word, and, if used in its true historic sense, it describes a modern movement—a reaction against the excessive individualism which followed the Reformation, as that excessive individualism was itself a reaction against the despotic paternalism which preceded it. It is a mistake to confound Socialism with the paternalism which preceded it, or to consider those men as Socialists who perceived and condemned the evils which Socialism professes to cure.

Notwithstanding these criticisms, we regard Professor Nitti's work as a valuable contribution to the history of Socialism, and especially of the relation which the Church—more particularly the Roman Catholic Church—has borne to this movement. And to many readers to whom the very word Socialism is a provocation to wrath, and who regard all Socialists as enemies to society, to be pardoned, if at all, only because of their idiocy, it will possibly be a surprise to learn how many men of eminence for piety, learning and sound judgment have openly avowed their Socialistic sympathies, and declared that it is the duty of the Christian Church not to condemn this world-wide movement, but to lead it to a wise issue by righteous and honorable paths.

[1] *Catholic Socialism.* By Francesco S. Nitti, Professor of Political Economy at the University of Naples, etc. Translated by Mary Mackintosh. Macmillan & Co., New York. $3.50.

The Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffis, well known as the author of much interesting comment on Japan and Korea, has now given us a book of even greater importance. It is *Townsend Harris, the first American Envoy in Japan.* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) In the story of Japan, as told from the outside, there is a great blank between Commodore Perry and Lord Elgin, and, especially in the works of British writers, there is profound ignorance of what Townsend Harris did; therefore this volume aims to fill a gap in history. The author believes that our Envoy was largely responsible for the overthrow of Tycoonism, the feudal system, and the military rule, for the construction of national liberties, and for the opening of the Empire to foreign commerce and civilization. Dr. Griffis knew Mr. Harris personally during four years. Some time since, Mr. Harris's journal, private letter-books, and letters were placed for editing and publishing in Dr. Griffis's hands by Miss Harris. Among the many books recently published about Japan, few have appeared which will be of such genuine service to the better understanding of Far Eastern history. We have always given proper recognition to the great name of Perry in connection with the introduction of Japan to the world, and we have always felt a just pride that our nation was the introducer, but we have not remembered that our first Envoy did a work in some respects equal to Perry's. This triumph was all the greater when we consider that Mr. Harris had no special training for it. True, his grandmother had taught him to "tell the truth, fear God, and hate the British," but the last named of these injunctions must have stood in his way. The education with which he began life was the scant knowledge which he could get before he was thirteen years old. He then became a clerk in New York City, and afterwards joined his father and brother in the business of importing china. These interests led him to become curious about the Far East, and he devoted his leisure to study. After the death of his mother, the ties of home having become loosened, he sold out his business and bought a half-interest in a vessel sailing to San Francisco. It might be supposed that the gold fever then raging had something to do with this, but we have no inkling of it. The real result was his purchase of the other half of the ship and his sailing for China. This beginning of travel was followed by five years spent in journeying about the Asiatic coast, and those years gave to Mr. Harris a great knowledge of Oriental customs, founded on actual experience. He became exactly the man to represent us in the Far East, and, indeed, we find him shortly afterwards Acting Vice-Consul at Mingpo. When Commodore Perry attained his signal success in Japan, Mr. Harris sent him a congratulatory letter and received a cordial reply. Following this, Mr. Harris urged on our Government the desirability of purchasing Formosa, and, while the Government would not attend to any such proposal, there came about one important consequence—namely, the bringing of Mr. Harris more prominently before influential people; and this in turn resulted in his appointment as Commissioner to Japan. The appointment was made by Secretary Seward, and was a generous one when we consider that the two men were political opponents. The rest is a matter of history, and of creditable history, to Mr. Harris, to our own Government, and to the new and struggling nation which now has accomplished such great things. The Chino-Japanese war and its momentous consequences, of course, add a special significance to this book, and we, too, believe that Japan, with both natives and aliens as instruments, seems to have been chosen to reconcile in one the Oriental and Occidental civilizations.

The Natural History of Plants. By Anton Kerner von Marilaun. Translated from the German by F. W. Oliver. Vol II., in two half-volumes. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.) In noticing the concluding volume (in two great half-volumes) of this beautiful work we can only repeat the praise given to the preceding volume. Space is lacking for an adequate review of the thousand pages before us; it is impossible even to give a summary statement of their contents. The matter here is even more important and interesting than in volume one. Two great topics are discussed: the question of plant reproduction, and that of the history of species. Asexual reproduction by spores and thallidia is fully described; then follows, with abundant detail, reproduction by means of buds on roots, stems, and leaves; lastly, the matter of reproduction by fruits. Not only the simple process of reproduction through normal functioning of the reproductive parts is presented, but the many curious mechanisms and devices which contribute thereto. The wonders of cross-fertili-

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zation and the no less astonishing facts of close fertilization are described and illustrated as in no other single work in our language. That all of this is done in a way so simple and direct, so clear and lucid, that it delights the ordinary reader is the great marvel and merit of Kerner's work. The second topic discussed —the History of Species—is equally developed. The necessarily somewhat dry subject of Systematic Botany is so charmingly treated herein that one will have gone nearly through the almost two hundred pages devoted to it before he will realize that it *should* have been dry. The subdivisions of the topic History of Species are: The Nature of Species, Alterations in Form of Species, Origin of Species, Distribution of Species, Extinction of Species. Each of these chapters is a masterpiece. It is under the heading Origin of Species that the Systematic Botany is discussed. It is carried out in detail to Families; no more could be asked in a work of this kind. Some very curious matters are considered in the chapter on Variation of Form; the discussion of galls will be quite new to most readers. We cannot worthily review the book on account of space, but we can and do heartily commend it. Not only should it be in every public library and library of reference, but on the bookshelves of every lover of nature. Considering the beauty of binding, paper, printing, and the marvelous beauty of illustration, the price is very low.

The seventh series of sermons by Phillips Brooks bears the very interesting title of *Sermons for the Principal Festivals and Feasts of the Church Year*. The volume is edited by the Rev. John Cotton Brooks, and contains twenty-two of those noble discourses which, more than almost any other sermons of their time, have sustained, cheered, and inspired those who are struggling with the experiences and the uncertainties of life. It is unnecessary for The Outlook to comment at any length upon a volume the quality of which is assured by the name it bears, or to enlarge upon the characteristics of one whom it has so often and so lovingly interpreted and commemorated. It is safe to say that, for spiritual insight, broad human sympathies, and fine literary quality, these sermons, like their predecessors, will take very high rank in the literature of sermon-writing. The principle of selection upon which this volume has been formed gives it a certain unity in that the sermons chosen present the great facts in the life of Christ in their order, so that the entire Christian year is consecutively presented through spiritual interpretation.

One of the prettiest books of the season for young readers is that which contains a collection of stories by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, under the title *A Last-Century Maid and Other Stories for Children*. Miss Wharton's former books, "Through Colonial Doorways," "Colonial Days and Dames," and "The Colonial Library," have amply demonstrated her equipment for dealing with one of the most picturesque periods of our history in point of dress and manners. The story which gives its title to this volume finds its period at the time of that interesting episode when the chiefs of the Six Nations were making their headquarters in Philadelphia. The volume is very prettily illustrated and very attractively made in all respects. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

Mr. John Kendrick Bangs has written nothing more essentially humorous in idea and in execution than *A House-Boat on the Styx*. It is, to be sure, an illustration of distinctively American humor, since it relies for its effects on breadth of treatment and an essential contradiction of ideas which is obvious from the very beginning. Like every author humorous in quality, Mr. Bangs is somewhat uneven in his work, striking at times a very high level and at other times falling distinctly below it. There are breaks in the "House-Boat," but, on the whole, it is clever from beginning to end, and one does not get over the humor and novelty of the idea until he finishes the book, and not even then. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of this city, in collaboration with Mr. John Lane, of London, have published an illustrated edition of one of Stevenson's most delightful and charming books, *A Child's Garden of Verse*, a collection of poetry full of the brightness, quaintness, sympathy, and naturalism of one of the freshest and most characteristic of recent writers. The poems appear to great advantage in this form, every page being embellished with one or more drawings, and the whole volume containing no less than one hundred and sixty illustrations from the hand of Mr. Charles Robinson, who has also designed the cover, which is quite in keeping with the interest and vivacity of the illustration.

The author of "Love and Quiet Life" has treated with a good deal of picturesqueness and freshness an episode of the English Civil War in his little story which bears the title *In the Smoke of War*. It is one of those side-lights on a great movement which help us to understand the movement itself—a bit of remote country romance caught up in the tragic movement of the times, whirled like a leaf in that great movement, and finally floated out again into a peaceful eddy. The story is well told. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

The Spectator in London is the attractive title of a volume of essays selected from the writings of Addison and Steele, and finding their unity in the fact that they center about one of the most charming figures in the literature of the last century. This volume is illustrated by Ralph Cleaver, and is printed in uniform style with the series of English classics which have had the benefit of the illustrative work of Mr. Hugh Thomson and other well-known English artists. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes

—Sir Walter Besant's new novel will be called "The Master Craftsman," so it is announced, and will appear in "Chambers's Journal."

—Owing to the Turkish crisis, Mr. Henry Norman's latest book, "The Near East," which is to appear next month, is likely to inaugurate the new year with a great success for the publishers as well as for the author.

—The announcement is made that the popular English paper published in Paris, "Galignani's Messenger," after an existence of eighty-one years, lost its name on New Year's Day. It is now to be called "The Daily Messenger, late Galignani's," till the end of the century, when the name Galignani must disappear, according to the terms made by the family in selling its interest in the paper.

—It is related that Thackeray, when in Glasgow one day, told to Dr. Donald Macleod a story which the latter recently repeated. It was to the effect that Carlyle and Thackeray were sitting together, the former hot upon a philosophical argument, when a pheasant began screeching near them. Thackeray remarked on the extraordinary noise the bird was making. "Oh," said Carlyle, "something's troubling its stomach, and it's taking that method of uttering itself to the universe."

—By the death of Alexandre Dumas the number of vacancies in the French Academy is increased to four, the other empty seats being those of Pasteur, Lesseps, and Doucet. From the present outlook it would seem as if the places might be filled by men of very mediocre talent, and therefore M. Alphonse Daudet is being publicly urged to make up his differences with the Academy and become a candidate. Even the oft-defeated author of "Nana" may now be said to have some chance.

—A British journal has just recorded what it calls "a most striking act of generosity," and we are glad that Englishmen are bringing themselves to testify to the good deeds of our publishers:

> An American firm bringing out an English book which had never been copyrighted in America, after its English boom, sent over a handsome sum out of their profits, imagining, of course, that it would be handed to the author. On learning that the English publishers had retained the money, rather than let the author suffer, the Americans sent a second sum, equal to the first, direct to the author. How many English firms would have done this for an American author?

—We hear that articles from the following brilliant and eminent writers will appear in the first number of "Cosmopolis:" Sir Charles Dilke, Edmund Gosse, Henry Norman, Henry James, Paul Bourget, Georg Brandes, Anatole France, Édouard Rod, Francisque Sarcey, Theodor Barth, Hermann Hilferich, Theodor Mommsen, Peter Rosegger, Erich Schmidt, and Friedrich Spielhagen; and that the first installment of Stevenson's "The Weir of Hermiston" will lead off the number. As we have before stated, and as the above list indicates, the articles will be in English, French, and German.

—The sudden death of the well-known Russian author, Sergius Stepniak, is one of the most melancholy of recent events. As Mr. Stepniak was walking to a friend's house at Chiswick, England, he attempted to cross a railway track at grade, and as he stepped on the track, a train, unnoticed by him, struck and killed him. It may not be known that the Russian refugee came of a semi-noble Cossack family. He studied at Kiev, and published several works in the Little Russian dialect which were promptly prohibited by the Government. In 1865 he became a "docent" in the University of Kiev, and in 1870 a professor, but three years later was removed from his chair by the Government. In 1876 he was exiled. He settled in Geneva and afterwards in England. His principal books are "The Turks Within and Without," "Tyrannicide in Russia," "Little Russian Internationalism," "Little Russian Folk Songs," and "King Stork and King Log: A Study of Modern Russia."

[For list of Books Received see page 31]

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The Religious World

A New Departure

Union Theological Seminary offers two courses of public lectures during the months of January, February, and March in the Adams Chapel, 700 Park Avenue, New York. These lectures, both from the subjects treated and the personality of the lecturers, promise to be of unusual interest. The first is a course on "Practical Religion," to be delivered fortnightly chiefly on Monday evenings at 8:15, beginning with a lecture by Mr. D. L. Moody on Monday, January 6, on "How to Reach Non-Church-Goers." Other lecturers in this course are the Rev. D. Fay Mills; President D. C. Gilman, LL.D., of Johns Hopkins University; Dr. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, and the well-known British evangelist, the Rev. Hay Aitken. The second of these courses is on "Church Unity," also fortnightly on Monday evenings. The first of these lectures is by Dr. Shields, of Princeton, on "The General Principles of Church Unity." Other lecturers in this course are President Andrews, of Brown University, Bishop Potter, Bishop Hurst, and Dr. Bradford. Admission to these lectures will be only by ticket, which may be obtained without cost on application to E. M. Kingsley, 700 Park Avenue.

Federated Work

We wish again to call the attention of our readers, particularly of clergymen, to the movement of the Evangelical Alliance which was mentioned in The Outlook for December 21. The Alliance has formulated a plan for federated work on the part of churches of all denominations in the direction of social reform. The great weakness of the Christian Church, particularly in small communities, is that, through denominational differences, its energy is divided and its efficiency decreased in those directions towards which a united effort could easily be made with the right basis for union. This basis the Evangelical Alliance believes it has at last found. Bishop Vincent, Dr. Francis E. Clark, President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Dr. John Henry Barrows, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Dr. George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., Dr. Washington Gladden, and other clergymen who are notable in the work of social reform, have examined the plan and have indorsed it. The Outlook advises every clergyman in the city or country who is interested in the social uplifting of his community to send to the General Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, United Charities Building, New York, for further information. The Alliance invites correspondence.

A Pleasant Incident

One of the events of Christmas Eve in New York City ought not to pass unmentioned. It unites the present with the past, and ought to unite the present with the future by bringing again into general favor certain quaint and gentle customs which have been allowed to lapse. Even twenty years ago serenades of all sorts were much more common than they are now, and if they are revived, the novel demonstration made by the full choir of the Stanton Street Mission of New York City will have had some influence. This demonstration was made in honor of Bishop Potter, and was an echo of his residence on the East Side during a month of last summer. On Christmas Eve the forty men and boys composing the choir drew up on the sidewalk in front of Bishop Potter's residence, in Washington Square, and sang several old-time Christmas carols. After the singing the Bishop invited the singers inside, and when they were refreshed, they sang an old-fashioned English lullaby. The best part of the whole proceeding was that the singers had asked for two or three policemen to protect them, thinking that the roughs from the south might rise up; but there was no need for protection. It is said that even the roughest and toughest among the spectators were as orderly as if they had been in church.

Dr. Ecob's Position

Dr. J. H. Ecob, whose recent change from the Presbyterian to the Congregational Church has excited such wide interest in the religious world at large, thus states his reasons for that change in a letter to The Outlook: "For no personal reasons, but for the sake of many friends in different parts of the country who have entreated me to remain in the independent position which I have held for the past three years, I feel that a word is due respecting my acceptance of a call to a Congregational church, involving my entrance into that body in full fellowship. The Briggs trial, with the resultant acts of oppression by the General Assembly, was the occasion rather than the cause of my assuming an independent attitude. The real cause was a long-standing and profound dissatisfaction with the prevailing denominationalism. I would have felt compelled to remain an independent indefinitely had not the Congregationalists accepted as a settled policy the plan of federation adopted at the last Triennial Council. It seems to me not only inconsistent but a waste of influence to longer stand alone when I can cast in my lot with so large and powerful a body of brethren who are henceforth to stand for the very truth to which I have devoted my life." To this statement we may add an extract from Dr. Ecob's letter of resignation:

> My ministry in this city covers a period of fifteen years. It has been a constant and strenuous ministry. The stress of the past three or four years especially has been such as does not commonly fall to the lot of a pastor. Either a long rest with entire cessation from work, or a complete change of scene and climate and work, is imperative. I prefer the latter, feeling that a change of work is the most healthful kind of rest. The present relations of our church to its ecclesiastical organization are abnormal and involve more or less strain, and may at any time demand either a sudden termination or readjustment. I am quite sure that the judgment of the session is with me in the conclusion that the interest of the church will in the end be better served by a pastor who will be in hearty accord with the denomination to which the church belongs. I am profoundly convinced that no greater evil threatens the Church of Christ than its present system of denominationalism. Accordingly I desire to ally myself with that body of believers among whom the denominational machinery and the denominational spirit are reduced to the minimum. And now that that body has planted itself firmly on the only rational and practicable basis of Church unity yet propounded, and has seriously entered upon that work, I cannot hesitate to follow my deepest convictions and most cherished sentiments. My life henceforth is solemnly devoted to the work of federation among the denominations as a first step toward unity.

A Men's Club

An important question with the pastor of a church is, What to do with the men in the congregation who are unemployed in the church work? The various organizations provide only in a limited degree for the men in middle life and the older men, and then there are the large number who are not members of the Church but who are regular attendants upon its worship because of personal and family relations. Three years ago the Rev. Dr. Teunis C. Hamlin, of Washington, D.C., recognizing this need, called a meeting of twenty or more of his church members and others, and organized a society which has been simply called "The Men's Society of the Church of the Covenant." It is not a Pastors' Aid Society, nor a brotherhood for distinctively religious work. None of the officers of the church are members except the pastor. The elders are honorary members. The initial age-limit is thirty years, thus insuring a degree of conservatism. The society is composed of three principal committees: religious, philanthropic, and social. The chairmen of these committees, with the president, secretaries, and others, form an executive committee, in whose hands are the interests of the society during the year in which they hold office. There is but one rule, that of service at the call of the chairman. Every member is placed upon some committee. The Church Mission provides a large field of work. The regular meetings held monthly consist of a business meeting followed by a meeting for sociability, instruction, and entertainment, the character of which is determined by the social committee who take charge. To this latter meeting each member has the privilege of inviting a man friend, the secretary having been previously informed. These meetings are held in the church rooms, which are admirably adapted for the purpose. The club idea without its objectionable features is attained. Addresses have been delivered by distinguished speakers on topics of general interest, the members of the society doing their part. During the meetings vocal or instrumental music is interspersed, followed by refreshments. The society numbers about seventy members. Admission, however, is not limited to the congregation. A careful scrutiny is exercised by the election committee, and the election must be unanimous. The invitations, programmes, and announcements are prepared with good taste, and every detail is considered important. Herein lies an element of success. The society has been fortunate in having addresses from such men as Justice Harlan, ex-Secre-

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tary J. W. Foster, General Greely, and others. Washington is peculiarly fortunate in having a wide range of men distinguished in their several callings. The members of the Religious Committee are ready to respond for any special services, and to cooperate in the regular church work. The Philanthropic Committee maintain a Free Reading-Room in connection with the mission work. The Social Committee are a committee of reception and entertainment, who contribute largely to the interest and efficiency of the organization. In brief, the society forms a Men's Club, auxiliary to the church, but under no ecclesiastical authority. The danger of clashing interests is avoided by the fact that a large majority are members of the church. The beneficial results are already seen in the greater interest developed in all the lines of religious and philanthropic effort.

The Church of the Pilgrims, Plymouth, Mass.

The oldest organization in this country is the First Church of Plymouth, Mass. It antedates the landing of the Pilgrims, as the men and women who separated from the congregations of Scrooby and Austerfield in 1608, spent some time in Amsterdam and Leyden, Holland, before coming over the sea in the Mayflower. The ministry of the church has continued in an unbroken succession from the days of Robinson and Brewster until now. For nearly two centuries it was the only church in the village of Plymouth. Because of its historic associations and long life it presents a peculiar claim upon the interest and support of every son and daughter of New England. The church is to have a new building erected on the old Burial Hill, the corner-stone of which was laid on Saturday, December 21. The rebuilding is assuming a national character, New Englanders throughout the Union sending contributions for it. The New England Society of New York City has pledged $5,000, and the New England Society of Brooklyn has started a subscription with $500 from its treasury, appointing a committee to continue the work of collection. The committee in charge of the building fund consists of Edward Everett Hale, John D. Long, and Winslow Warren. This committee was appointed by the National Unitarian Conference, although the church is in no sense sectarian.

Curious Facts

The two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the Congregational church of Greenwich, Conn., which was celebrated several weeks ago, brought to light some interesting peculiarities of the old time. For instance: "In 1660 twenty male inhabitants were taxed for preaching, and had to go to meeting or pay five shillings fine. In those days service began at eight o'clock and lasted all day; the worshipers brought lunch and hot bricks. In 1791 a lottery was held for the benefit of the society, and twelve hundred tickets were sold. At the annual meeting they voted to spend one dollar and twenty-five cents for liquor. Of the officers of the society the committeemen received from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents a year, the treasurer got a dollar, and the man who swept out the church at that time received thirty-seven cents. The salary of the first settled pastor (1678–89) was fifty pounds with firewood, or sixty pounds without." Surely the world does move, and the years have brought about marvelous changes in the Christian's standards and ideals.

College Settlements Association's Annual Report

The sixth annual report of the College Settlements Association has been published. Each year marks a decided increase in the settlement work and a spread of the settlement idea. Since September, 1889, when Hull House, Chicago, and 95 Rivington Street, New York, opened their doors, the number of such settlements has rapidly increased, until they are found throughout the land. More and more the workers in the settlements emphasize the fact that a settlement is a life, not a work. Its aim is well expressed by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, of Buffalo, as "simply to give life, and to give it more abundantly." Those cultured young men and women who come down to the lower parts of our great cities, by living and loving, seek to draw their less fortunate brothers and sisters out from their narrow, limited, and depressing conditions into their own broader, fuller, and deeper life. It is true that many inexperienced workers have come into the settlements, and there is a sense of need on the part of some of the head workers for more intelligent and permanent helpers. An effort is being made in some of the settlements to draw into residence more professional and business women. Residence and opportunities for helpfulness are not confined to college women. All who have an earnest desire to better present conditions and who love humanity are welcome. A great stimulus was given the workers last spring by a Conference which was held in New York. Addresses were delivered by many prominent in connection with this line of work, and the personal and informal talks of the various workers were of great value. The reports of the settlements of this Association—the College Settlement (Rivington Street), New York; the Philadelphia Settlement (Carver Street), and the Boston Settlement (Denison House)—show increase in the social, educational, and children's part of the work. The Fresh-Air work was carried on successfully during the summer; personal friendships with working men and women have been cemented, and the increased interest and influence of the workers in municipal affairs has resulted in bringing better conditions into their respective neighborhoods. The various colleges contributing to the support of the Association have shown increased interest and activity. The Electoral Board of the Association now asks for more personal assistance from members of the College Chapters living in the immediate vicinity of the settlements. There is an earnest call for workers as well as for money. The individual reports of the three settlements above named show the various ways in which the workers are reaching out after the people, and seeking to better the conditions in which they live. Especial stress is laid upon the work for children, though there are clubs and classes for all ages. Is there any more literal following of the example of the Christ who went about doing good than in the life of the modern social settlement? And can any money be better invested than in advancing this noble work?

The Congress on Africa

The Congress on Africa held in Atlanta, December 13–15, under the auspices of the Stewart Missionary Foundation of Gammon Theological Seminary, was probably the most important congress held during the Exposition. It was under the wise and enthusiastic leadership of President Wilbur Thirkield, and among the speakers were many leading thinkers on Africa. The subjects covered a wide range of interests touching Africa, and were treated, for the most part, by those having personal knowledge and practical observation of them. Testimonies were given by consecrated missionaries, one of whom has had an experience of forty years in Africa. The Governor of the State was present, and gave a ringing address of welcome. The press published daily reports of the Congress. The meetings were full to overflowing, and thousands were turned away from the closing service. Probably never before were so many men of culture and scholarship in the two races brought together. The addresses are to be published in full.

Brief Mention

The encyclical issued by the Pope two years ago advising Catholics to read the Bible has apparently had very little effect, as the archiepiscopal book-store at Milan does not sell one hundred copies of the Scriptures a year.

The Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, D. D., rector of Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, New York City, has decided to accept the office of Bishop of Washington, to which he recently was unanimously elected. Regarding his previous declinations of bishoprics to which he has been elected, Dr. Satterlee said to a reporter that he had felt at other times that the work of his parish was in an unsettled condition. "The state of the parish is very different now," he said, "from what it was when I came here thirteen years ago. To speak only of the financial aspect, there is not a dollar of debt. Our work is well organized, and I have felt that the parish can better be left."

Mr. William Agur Booth, who died in Englewood on Sunday last, was widely known in philanthropic and religious circles. In the course of the last fifty years he had held the presidency of the trustees of the Syrian Protestant College of Beyrout, Syria; of the trustees of Robert College, of Constantinople; of the American Seamen's Friend Society, American Tract Society of Boston, the American and Foreign Christian Union, and the Bible House at Constantinople. In Presbyterian church and mission work he was always active. He was the father of two well-known Presbyterian ministers, the Rev. Dr. Robert R. Booth, of this city, and the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Booth, of Englewood.

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The Spectator

The habit of collecting, that is, the accumulation of bibelots, gets to be a passion very easily. There are few lovers of the beautiful who do not at one time or another give way to this passion. When it is not resisted with great persistence, it easily becomes a kind of second nature, and gets into the very blood of the collector. Balzac has given us in "Cousin Pons" a wonderful picture of an enthusiastic collector, and we are told by Balzac's biographers that he had a very strong bent in that direction himself. The Spectator confesses that he has had to fight with all of his strength the disposition to collect works of art, and he confesses also that often that strength has been insufficient to keep him out of the trouble which comes upon men who spend what they cannot afford. The Spectator has tried to console himself with the philosophical idea that, if it is forbidden him to make collections of his own, there are still museums open to him, and private collections of great interest, which he can visit whenever he choose. Among the private collections there has been one of peculiar interest and easy accessibility; this one, much to the Spectator's regret, is now being dispersed, for Mr. William M. Chase, the distinguished artist, is selling all of his accumulations, as he has decided somewhat to change the method of his life. It is interesting to know that Mr. Chase means to collect no more and live the rest of his life as "a reformed man." This is very interesting, and the Spectator promises to watch his distinguished friend with much curiosity; for the Spectator still expects with some confidence to receive before many years an enthusiastic invitation to visit Mr. Chase and see something of special rarity and beauty.

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But the present Chase Collection now on exhibition in the galleries of the American Art Association will presently be sold at auction. This collection has been accumulating in the studio in West Tenth Street for twenty years past, and the nucleus was brought from Europe when Mr. Chase left Piloty's studio in Munich and came home to take classes in the Art Students' League. During the twenty years he has been in New York he has been a liberal and enthusiastic purchaser of everything beautiful, rare, or curious that came under his notice. The result is that he has one of the most miscellaneous as well as one of the largest private collections ever accumulated in this country. In this collection are not only pictures, but bronzes, brasses, pottery, tapestries, hanging lamps, swords, spears, pistols, guns, locks, cabinets, Indian relics, antique finger-rings, and so on and so on. To tell even in a general way what this collection consists of would take several columns of The Outlook. Mr. Chase has been a close student of Velasquez and Hals, and when in Spain and Holland he has spent much time in making copies of the works of these masters. These copies are now on exhibition, and the Spectator has often thought that it would be much wiser for museums to be supplied with copies of the masters such as these, rather than have placed upon their walls canvases of doubtful value and more doubtful authenticity. The manufacture of "old masters" is a recognized industry in Europe, and there have been many Americans, besides the late Mr. Renwick, who have bought worthless pictures from the shrewd manufacturers in Italy and France. The copy of a splendid and famous picture by a painter of great ability has a double value which all will recognize who have the opportunity to see these works of Velasquez, Hals, Rembrandt, and Van Dyck as reproduced by Chase, for in each we have the old master plus the new.

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Mr. Chase decided many months ago to sell his collections, and he has never wavered in the determination, though to think of parting with his accumulations has always been painful to him. He announced this purpose to the Spectator last spring; but even during the interim he has been a collector. Whenever the Spectator has met him, Mr. Chase has had a new and curious ring in his waistcoat pocket; or, if the meeting has been in his studio, he was always able to exhibit a recently acquired Russian samovar or a richly inlaid Japanese cabinet. The special collections of antique finger-rings and samovars are both large and more or less complete. He has thirty-seven samovars, no two alike, and some of the specimens are extremely handsome, while others are very curious. The finger-rings, never till now catalogued, number more than nine hundred, though he will sell only six hundred of them. They represent every period, from the remote Egyptian dynasties to the Japanese civilization of to-day. It is likely that the ancient rings of Egyptian and Etruscan fashion will attract the greatest attention from the collectors who buy only systematically, but those who love works of art for art's sake will surely be very much interested in the splendid specimens which represent the handicraft of the goldsmiths and jewel-cutters of the Italian Renaissance, and of the French in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Such beautiful rings are not made nowadays, mainly for the reason that those who buy of the modern jeweler demand splendid gems of opulent value rather than the fine workmanship which formerly gave to the tasks of the goldsmiths and jewel-workers the dignity and consideration which a high civilization has always bestowed upon genuine art. The Spectator cannot pretend, the catalogue not being before him, to tell how many seal-rings there are in the collection. They are at once numerous and curious, and many both beautiful and rare. The seal-ring, as a work of art, has had an interesting history; indeed, a classification of seal-rings from remote antiquity would tell the history of the world's civilization. Now, when the ability to read and write has become universal, the seal-ring has lost, practically, all of its usefulness, and nearly all of its significance. So much serious significance attached to the seal used by a man a few centuries ago that both French and English courts held that a man's seal established his pedigree, and upon such silent testimony the titles to vast estates have been determined. No gentleman, it was held, would use on his seal armorial bearings to which he was not entitled. The Spectator wonders whether in that happy time the judges had never heard of the gentle art of forgery.

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The Roman rings are of peculiar interest. The wearing of rings, the Spectator is told, was introduced into Greece from Egypt, and into Rome from Greece. The Athenian dandies in the time of Alcibiades covered their fingers, and thumbs too, with splendid rings of gold and silver, many of them embellished with jewels beautifully engraved. The more frugal and simpler Spartans did not take kindly to the wearing of fine rings, and a law was passed making it illegal for any Spartan to wear a ring made of a more costly metal than iron. When the Romans took to wearing rings they took example rather by the Spartans than the Athenians, and it was long before any Roman save special dignitaries of state wore other than iron rings. Gold and silver rings in the lapse of centuries became almost universal in Rome, though certain forms of iron rings were used until comparatively modern times. The Roman iron key-ring, for instance, survived very long, as it was a useful ring, and had a significance similar to that which was attached to a royal or ducal signet-ring. The signet-ring, when intrusted by the owner to any one else, was equivalent to the modern power of attorney—the authority of the sovereign or master was transferred to the subject or servant. And so when the Roman iron key-ring was given by the Roman capitalist to friend, servant, or slave, the gift indicated complete confidence on the part of the owner in him to whom the ring was intrusted. These key-rings were actual keys, and were used to unlock treasure-chests and jewel-boxes. The more modern Roman rings of an ecclesiastical character are also most interesting, and some of them very beautiful. A large and interesting book could be written on the rings worn by the Popes of Rome.

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One cannot look at these collections of Mr. Chase without wondering how so busy a man as he is ever managed to find the time to get all these things together. In the aggregate, no doubt, a great deal of time and a great deal of money have been spent. But the expenditure has been from day to day, and usually a little at a time. And where in the world did he find them? is another question sure to be asked. He has bought in every part of the world he has visited, and he has spent much time during vacation periods on the Continent of Europe. But very much the largest portion of his collection has been made right here in New York, and most of the rings have come from the pawnshops. That these curious things should have been brought hither during the past fifteen years is some indication of the sections of the world whence have recently come so many of the newer inhabitants of America; that these rings should have found lodgment in pawnshops so quickly is an indication of the small capital that these newcomers brought with them and their inability to "catch on" to our method of life. The Spectator doubts whether the Puritans who came to start Yankee civilization and leaven the blood of all America had any need to call for assistance from the sordid bankers of the signs of the golden balls. Some of the most interesting specimens Mr. Chase has secured are silver peasant rings—rings on which a pawnbroker would not lend more than twenty-five cents; but to these rings were attached, no doubt, the best and tenderest sentiments possible in the poor creatures who had to part with them for a pittance. A pawnbroker, the Spectator has been told, will not lend more than half of the value of the gold or silver in such a ring, no matter how curious the ring may be, nor how valuable from the collector's point of view.

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The Spectator cannot help feeling that this

SALLY LUNN,

by Miss Juliet Corson,
Founder of the New York Cooking School.

This famous Southern light bread was made with home made yeast by the old negro cooks; but modern culinary art has improved it by applying the quick action of the soda and cream of tartar of which the best baking powders are composed. By choice I use Cleveland's.

Sift three heaped teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's baking powder and one of salt with a quart of dry flour. Melt a scant half cup of butter in one cup of milk and one of water warmed together. Beat four eggs to a cream, mix with them the milk, water, and melted butter; butter a deep Russia iron pan, and see that the heat of the oven is moderate; then quickly stir the flour with the milk, etc., making a smooth batter; pour it into the buttered pan, and bake it for about three-quarters of an hour, until a broom-straw run into it can be withdrawn clean. Serve it hot at once.

Cures

Prove the merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla—absolute, perfect, permanent cures. Catarrh, dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheumatism, scrofula, and all other blood diseases yield to its power because

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collection of rings ought not to be dispersed. It should be kept together and deposited in some such place as the Metropolitan Museum of Art. But probably before this suggestion reaches the public the auctioneer will be already clearing his voice to ask, "How much am I offered?" and then will be heard the "Going, going, gone!"

Correspondence

Books for the Indians

To the Editors of The Outlook:

We are greatly in need of books at the Santee Normal, Santee Agency, Nebraska. A small circulating library was started three years ago, which has been a boon to the Indians, white settlers, and cowboys on the reservation. The interest in reading has increased fifty per cent. among our Indian pupils.

Works of fiction of our best American and English authors, books of travel, biography, aids in the study of the sciences, and Bible helps, will be highly appreciated.

Cannot "Lend a Hand," "King's Daughters Circles," or other societies collect and forward good books? Packages must be sent prepaid by freight or express (United States) to Springfield, South Dakota, care of Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad. Correspondence solicited.

ELLA WORDEN,
Preceptress Whitney Hall, Santee Normal Training School, Santee Agency, Nebraska.

Western College Athletics

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of November 30 is an article calling attention to Caspar Whitney's recent charges against Western football. As an alumnus of the University of Minnesota, proud of the record of the institution, I desire to protest, and respectfully ask you to give her side of the question a hearing. In the first place, Mr. Whitney knows nothing of Western athletics in general, unless he has acquired that knowledge within the last two years.

In 1894 I called his attention to the record of the University of Minnesota "team" in a personal letter. He published the letter in full, not over my name but his own, without any investigation whatever as to the truth of the statements therein. And I am confident that the news gleaned from that letter constituted his one source of information in regard to the University of Minnesota. During the season of '94 he had no regular correspondent at that or any other Western college. For a man so informed to make such charges is preposterous.

But, admitting that Mr. Whitney has a right to criticise Western athletics, what is the truth in regard to his charges? From first to last, they are, as far as the University of Minnesota is concerned, a falsehood. The Faculty committee and all the athletic officers have made and published a statement to that effect. The name of Professor Conway McMillan, appended thereto, is alone sufficient proof of the truth of the denial, in the opinion of every Minnesota graduate. And the charges are false upon their face. Parkyn is not a star, and $500 would have secured a much better man. Last year he was a substitute, and this year only became a "regular" because there was no other man in college for full except Loomis, and he was needed at half.

As to Hoagland, you have made the rumor worse than the lie, as is usual in such cases. Whitney says he was offered $250 to play against Chicago University. Of course he did not play. The team never for a moment expected to lose the game at Chicago, and Hoagland could not have found a place on it under any circumstances.

As to athletics in other Western colleges I cannot speak with positiveness, but they are certainly no worse than at Yale only three years ago, when Harding, Minnesota's right guard, was with difficulty persuaded not to accept "a good offer" from New Haven. And I am also certain that no Western faculty would allow the number of "skips" a famous Yale man told me he had during one fall term. From my point of view, a man who goes to college and plays football for pay is but little worse than one who goes for no other purpose but football, even if he pays his own way. The latter is a little more aristocratic, that is all.

Hoping that you will make amends for the quotation to which I take exceptions if, upon investigation, you find that Mr. Whitney has had an attack of what Eugene Field used to call "Eastern asininity,"

Yours truly, H. E. BAGLEY,
Superintendent of Public Schools.
Mapleton, Minn.

Whatever errors of minor detail Mr. Whitney's charges may have contained, they are evidently right, in the main. In "Harper's Weekly" for December 28 he corroborates his original accusations with a mass of evidence that seems conclusive. Unfortunately, this evidence seriously impugns, not only the reputation of students, but, worse yet, the sworn statements of a member of the Faculty of the University of Minnesota. A Superintendent of Public Schools who cannot see, "from his point of view," that a professional who masks as a college amateur is guilty of dishonorable practice, sees neither clearly nor straight. He is suffering from "moral strabismus," which is a far more dangerous defect than "Eastern asininity," however bad that may be. It does not answer the charges of professionalism in Western colleges to retort that Eastern colleges are guilty of bad athletic practices. Our correspondent's letter only confirms us in our belief that college athletics all over the country need a thorough overhauling.—THE EDITORS.

Without Question

This Authority Must be Respected.

Dr. Willis G. Tucker, of Albany, State Chemist of New-York, after an examination of the baking powders, says:

"I find the Royal Baking Powder free from alum and containing no impurities whatever. The cream of tartar employed in its manufacture is free from the lime which is a constituent of the improperly refined cream of tartar of the market used by manufacturers of other baking powders. The constituents of Royal Baking Powder are so proportioned as to secure the best results, and yield a baking powder unequaled for purity, strength, and wholesomeness."

Of the dangerous character of alum baking powders Dr. Tucker says:

"The employment of alum in baking powder is highly objectionable. I believe it decidedly injurious used as a food constituent. Diminishing the dietetic value of the food, and interfering with the process of digestion, as I believe it does, its use is to be severely condemned."

Baking powders that are sold, either wholesale or retail, at a lower price than Royal are almost invariably made from alum, and therefore inferior and dangerous to health.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Books Received

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK
Coy, E. W. Latin Lessons for Beginners. $1.
Gleason, Clarence W., and Caroline S. Atherton. The First Greek Book. $1.

CHARLES H. BANES, PHILADELPHIA
Saunders, Marshall. Charles and His Lamb.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON
Marden, Orison Swett. Architects of Fate. $1.50.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & CO., BOSTON
Carman, Bliss. Behind the Arras. $1.50.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK
Winter, William. Brown Heath and Blue Bells. 75 cts.
Kingsley, Charles. Yeast. 75 cts.
Spenser, Edmund. Faerie Queene. Edited by Thomas J. Wise. Illustrated by Walter Crane. Part X. $3.

GEORGE GOTTSBERGER PECK, NEW YORK
Oldboy, Felix (John Flavel Mines). Walks in Our Churchyards: Old New York.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Stevenson, Robert Louis. Novels, Travels, Essays, and Poems. (Thistle Edition.) The Black Arrow, The Misadventures of John Nicholson and the Body-Snatcher; The Merry Men and Other Tales, Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; David Balfour; A Child's Garden of Verses and Underwoods Ballads; The Wrong Box and the Ebb Tide; The Wrecker; The Master of Ballantrae. Sold only by subscription in the entire set; to be complete in 16 volumes, at $2 per vol.

W. J. SHUEY, DAYTON, O.
Moorehead, W. G., D.D. Studies in the Mosaic Institutions. $1.25.

THE STUDENT PUBLISHING CO., HARTFORD
Burr, E. Fitch, D.D. The Stars of God. $1.25.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON
The Universalist Register for 1896. Edited by Richard Eddy, D.D. 20 cts.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., NEW YORK
Masters, Caroline. The Shuttle of Fate. $1.25.

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In Japan

By the Rev. A. H. Bradford

Traveling in this country is a continual surprise. Everything is different from what an Occidental would expect. The contrast between European and American is far less than between Eastern and Western. When one travels in Europe, he finds customs and hears words which remind him of home; but over here, while much is surpassingly beautif l, there is nothing which suggests much of the life of an American or European city. It must not therefore be supposed that we are in an uncivilized country. One only needs to come here to learn that un-Christian is not by any means the same as uncivilized. Here is an admirable public-school system, and the people of Japan are swiftly becoming a reading people; here are newspapers, book-stores, hospitals, libraries, universities, and a keenness of intellect unsurpassed by any people that I know. Concerning them an English scholar, long resident in Japan, said to me: "Intellectually I consider the average Japanese superior to the average European, but practically much inferior." He then explained himself as meaning that in quickness of acquiring knowledge the Japanese are the superior, but in the facility and success with which they use that knowledge they are inferior. It is evident, therefore, that this is a civilized, if not a Christian, country.

In going around outside the tourists' routes perhaps the fact which most impresses one is the location of the temples and the number of the worshipers. On many of the high mountains great temples have been erected. For instance, on two peaks near Kobe—one, I should think, about twenty-five hundred and the other about three thousand feet above the sea, which is only a few miles distant—are Buddhist temples. The latter, called the Moon Temple, or Mayasan, after the mother of Buddha, is reached only by a climb nearly if not quite as hard as Mount Lafayette, in the White Mountains; but up that steep and rocky path probably hundreds of worshipers go every day. Here the words of Porphyry are literally true: "Steep and craggy is the pathway of the gods." One might wonder whether the majority do not make the ascent for the sake of the view if he did not first see the people. The panorama is surely magnificent: with Kobe at our feet; in the distance the smoke rising from the mills of Osaka; filling the largest space in the foreground the beautiful "inland sea," with its multitudinous island mountains; and near at hand scores of other mountains, some lower and some higher than the one on which the temple rises; but plainly the people go to worship, not to view the scenery. In the midst of that glory of ocean and mountain rises the sanctuary dedicated to the mother of Buddha, and there throngs of people go to pray. Who shall dare to say that there is not an element of true and acceptable worship in those prayers?

Our deputation has had a wonderful reception this evening by the Christians of Osaka, in the hall of the Y. M. C. A., which will probably seat about twelve hundred people. I should think that seven or eight hundred were present. The exercises consisted of an address of welcome in behalf of the churches, by the oldest Christian in the city; then a similar address by one of the pastors; then an exquisitely phrased and delivered address by a young lady from the girls' school in behalf of the school; then one from a young man in behalf of the boys' school, the whole interspersed with singing, some of which, especially that of the girls' school, was very fine. After a forcible and felicitous response by Secretary Barton, an exhibition of costumes of ancient Japan was given, which was most instructive and entertaining. Among the figures was one representing a Samurai of feudal times in his ceremonial dress and carrying two swords; a General of ancient times, fully dressed for battle, accompanied by his servant; a Damio of the thirteenth century; a noble or prince, with his servant, of the period of the Fujiwara family during the ninth to the twelfth centuries. The entertainment was greatly enjoyed, while the audience, composed, it was said, almost entirely of Christians, showed that the church is now on a firm foundation in this rapidly growing city. The opinion has been since confirmed by a visit to four large and flourishing churches, all with admirable houses for work and worship. There are about fifty churches in the city.

The other day there was accorded to me a most interesting and impressive privilege; viz., that of calling on a venerable Buddhist lady in her home, and hearing from her own lips the narration of her religious experience.

As nearly as possible I will reproduce the interview. The house was Japanese, and when we entered we removed our shoes, and were escorted to a room where were numerous mats on which the inmates and their friends usually sit. Out of regard to me, two or three chairs had been provided and we were seated around a table. Soon a sweet-faced little woman, about seventy years of age, entered, and, bowing on her knees with her head to the floor, gave us a hearty greeting.

After a few words of introduction, I asked her to narrate her religious views and experience, and I summarize her answer, leaving out all the conversation by which it was elicited. She said, in substance: "I am old and I am a woman, and it is not expected that a woman will know much of such subjects, but I will tell you what thoughts I have. I am weak and sinful and I have no hope in myself; my hope is all in Amida Buddha. I believe him to be the Supreme Being. Because of the wickedness of man, and because of human sorrow, Amida Buddha became incarnate and came to the earth to deliver man; and my hope and the world's hope is to be found only in his *suffering love*. He has entered humanity to save it, and he alone can save. He constantly watches over and helps all who trust in him. I am not in a hurry to die, but I am ready when my time comes, and I trust that through the gracious love of Amida Buddha I shall then enter into the future life, which I believe to be a state of conscious existence, and where I shall be free from sorrow. I believe that he hears prayer, and that he has guided me thus far, and my hope is only in his *suffering love*." Thus, for nearly two hours, with great modesty and evident sincerity and intelligence, that woman talked to us of the things of the spirit. In closing she said that she had never thus opened her heart to any one before, but she felt sure I would not misunderstand her, and therefore she had spoken freely.

Afterward, as I thought of that conversation, I asked myself what in it I, as a Christian, would have had different, and I was compelled to confess that I would make only one change. In the place of "Amida Buddha" I would insert "Jesus Christ," and then I would have the narrative of one of the most beautiful and satisfying Christian experiences to which I have ever listened. What shall we say to this? In the first place, we must remember that this woman belongs to the Shin Shin sect of Buddhists, and that the doctrines of that sect are very like Christianity, and probably were largely derived from it. It is not surprising to one familiar with those doctrines that a person should use such language. What is more difficult to account for is the evident Christian spirit. Doubtless some would say the case is a rare exception, and others that if we knew more of the woman's life and her views on other subjects we might not think so well of her. All that may be true, but it does not satisfy me, and probably does not satisfy many. Why not gladly acknowledge that there was a person whose heart was open to God, and who was found by the Holy Ghost and divinely led? Jesus recognized such cases, and there are several instances in the Old Testament of holy men who were entirely outside the line of the chosen people. It does not in the least weaken the appeal in behalf of missions—and it would make no difference if it did, if it were a fact—to suppose that among all people are those who, being pure in heart, see God.

This leads me to the one other subject to which I will refer in this letter; viz., *the missionary motive*. There are those who tell us that the nerve of missions is cut the moment we cease to emphasize the fact that all the non-Christian peoples are lost. Of course the word "lost" must be defined before we discuss this subject. I think, however, that I do not misinterpret those who hold this view when I say, in general terms, that they mean by the word, under the condemnation of God, and subject, therefore, to eternal punishment. There is no doubt that such persons have constantly in hand a mighty motive for preaching the Gospel in all lands, but it does not follow that those who cannot accept that teaching are without motives equally strong.

Let me give two or three illustrations. I am told that among certain sects in this country were those who had, among others, two gods—one of the *well* and one of the *cesspool*—and that because those two gods were friendly the well and cesspool were usually put near together—so near that the foulness of the one often was poured into the other. Does not that simple fact offer a motive which every Christian must feel for preaching a pure religion, a real Gospel?

Again, many of the sects of Buddhism, and many of those who are Shintoists and Confucians, have a kind of ethical system, but no faith in a personal God. If there is no vision of God, there can be no hopeful outlook either in this life or for the future. Can a Christian, with his faith in a heavenly Father, escape the feeling that it is both a privilege and a duty to make him known to those who live in a cheerless and hopeless world, and who see nothing before them but the grave?

Again, I think it no injustice to say that impurity exists in this land to an awful and alarming extent. It is bad enough in America, but it is given an official recognition here unknown among us. Can I say that there is no motive for foreign mission work if I reject the old teaching about missionary motives, while a condition of society exists and is tolerated by the Government which allows even young girls to be sold into a beastly and brutal slavery? There never was a stronger motive for missions than is found in facts which cannot be disputed and are too awful to be described, which exist not only in this but in many other Eastern nations. The more carefully our American society is studied, the stronger rises the appeal for earnest, fearless, prophetic preaching; and how any one can spend one week in Japan and not feel the need of the Gospel here I cannot understand. I am told that since I left home Mr. Henry Norman has denounced foreign missions. Mr. Norman must be ignorant of his own books, for they indirectly, but actually, make one of the strongest pleas for foreign missions ever written. The missionary motive is multiform, and its nerve cannot be cut by the rejection of any one pet doctrine of a theological system.

Osaka, Japan.

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SOME WOMEN OF THE BIBLE—III.

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Sunday, January 5. Zelophehad's daughters, an example of fearlessness in a good cause. Num. xxvii., 1–11. The Lord said, "The daughters . . . speak right," ver. 7, f. c. The promised land about to be divided among the tribes. Zelophehad died without sons, as four times recorded. Every one knew the position of the five brave girls, Mahlah, Noah, Hoglah, Milcah, and Tirzah (harmonious names), and possibly they had been or would be imposed on. The presentation of their cause is orderly, pointed, womanly, self-respecting. It was given before the congregation, ver. 2; the Lord himself was appealed to and answered them, and established a law for others similarly circumstanced. Again the Lord declares for the five daughters in Num. xxxvi., 6. See Ps. xxvii, 10; 2 Cor. vi., 17, 18.

Monday, January 6. 2 Chron. ix., 1–12; also 1 Kings x., 1–13. The queen probably from Arabia. Christ refers to her visit, Matt. xii., 42. Ambassadors had been sent from sovereigns in other lands, 1 Kings iv., 34, but this monarch comes in person. Attracted, not by great possessions, but, 1 Kings x., 1. Her admiration expressed for what? ver. 6 and ver. 8, last words. The "hard questions" no doubt pertained to spiritual things. Solomon now in height of his glory. Tradition says that the queen was descended from Abraham by Keturah; at all events, she was an earnest, sincere listener. Acts viii., 26–39; John iii., 1–21; Jer. xxix., 13; Matt. vi., 33; Col. iii., 1.

Tuesday, January 7. 1 Kings xvii., 1–16. From being fed by the ravens and the brook, while hiding from Jezebel, the prophet is sent, very strangely, to a poor widow just on the verge of starvation; moreover, a woman of the same race and religion as Jezebel. Zarepath, now Sarafend, on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, ten miles south of Sidon. The widow had seen better days, for she had a "roof-chamber," used in a well-ordered family for meditation and prayer. Her faith strongly tested in ver. 13. It might mean death to her house, Luke iv., 25, 26.

Wednesday, January 8. 1 Kings xvii., 17–24. Elijah spent some time here, possibly two years. According to tradition, the restored son was Jonah, and he waited on Elijah in his journeys and became the missionary to Nineveh, the first missionary to the heathen world. Heb. xiii., 2; 1 Tim. v., 10; Ps. cxlvi., 9.

Thursday, January 9. Judges iv., 1–17, 23, 24. Deborah = "a bee." One of the strong women of the Bible, a judge and prophetess, divinely inspired to direct and teach Israel. A time of great oppression, ver. 3, long continued. Ver. 7, "I will draw," *i. e.*, by the Spirit's power. Ver. 8 shows Barak's weakness, referred to in Heb. xi., 34, third clause. Deborah believed in prompt action, ver. 14, but it was the *Lord* that disconcerted the enemy, ver. 15.

Friday, January 10. Judges, chap. v. The song of Deborah, called one of the choicest in Hebrew poetry. It was sung by all the people. "The only war-song in existence that has the divine mingled with the human, the very deepest and sweetest spirit of grateful piety with the loftiest temper of patriotism and martial enthusiasm." Geikie calls Deborah "an early Joan of Arc." Ver. 7 not boastful, but expressive of delight in God's choice of her as an instrument. Note figures in vers. 4, 20, 21. A grand conclusion, ver. 31.

Saturday, January 11. Esther I., B.C. 479. Esther or Hadassah, an orphan captive, Esth. ii., 7; beautiful to look upon, very young, perhaps not more than twelve or fifteen years old. The story opens in the third year of the reign of Ahasuerus, seven years after the battle of Marathon; the king is "idling his life away in the grand fortress palace of Shushan, among cool mountain breezes, while his soldiers are fighting for him in the East and West. The life of the court most luxurious; 14,000 men sat at the King's table; eating and drinking, i., 7, prominent pleasures of the palace. Vashti's refusal warranted by previous experience in the profligate court. Col. iii., 2; Col. ii., 21, 22.

—The San Francisco "Bulletin" says that there is good reason to believe that the oldest graduate of Yale College, the Rev. Samuel Bissell, of Twinsburg, near Akron, O., will live to be a centenarian. Mr. Bissell is now in his ninety-ninth year, and enjoys good health.

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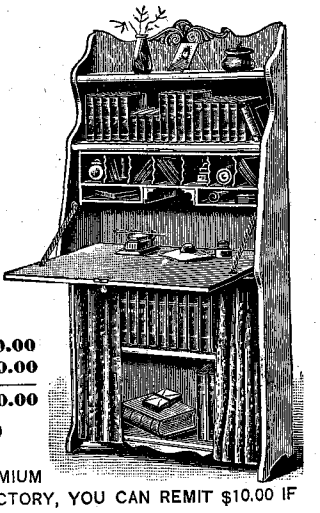

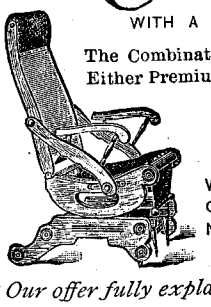

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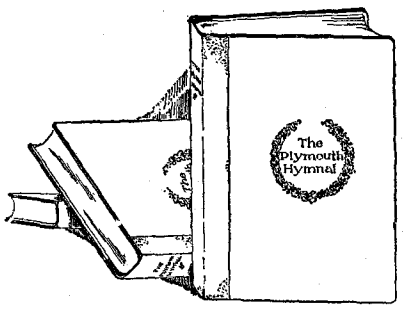

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The Business World

Loan Certificates Authorized by New York, Boston, and Philadelphia Clearing-Houses

The great event of last week in the financial world occurred on Monday, when the New York banks took prompt action to resolve upon an issue of Clearing-House certificates, similar to the one of 1894. This was quickly followed by similar action in Boston and Philadelphia, where the interest rate is 7.30 per cent. The certificates authorized in New York bear 6 per cent. interest, and 1-16 of 1 per cent. commission is required to be paid to the Clearing-House. So far, no Clearing-House loan certificates have been applied for, for the good reason that none of the banks are in a position to require them. Thus, in the resurrection of confidence in the money market, the Clearing-House system has again demonstrated its usefulness. The old evil of over-certification of brokers' checks seems to be much lessened by this better system. The method of issuing loan certificates is as follows: A committee is appointed to receive from banks (members of the Association) bills receivable and other securities to be approved by another committee, who shall be authorized to issue therefor to such depositing banks loan certificates. Such certificates are not in excess of three-fourths of the market value of the securities or bills receivable so deposited. The certificates are received in settlement of balances at the Clearing-House. Such an action gives notice to all customers and corporations and individuals that the banks are standing together, and that no solvent firm or corporation or individual will be allowed to fail through any temporary strain in the financial world.

Loan Certificates Check Foreign Exchange

The first result of the issuing of loan certificates by the Clearing-House banks was seen in the checking of gold exports. Hence last week's foreign exchange market was much less disturbed than had been anticipated, and the exports of gold were not nearly as great as the extraordinary business week before last had promised. While exchange was very strong during the early days of the week, notwithstanding the stringent money market, a change occurred after Christmas. Before the holiday the apprehension that the foreign bankers would experience great difficulty in obtaining legal tenders from the banks with which to exchange for gold at the Sub-Treasury kept rates well up. On Thursday a slight reaction took place, but the close of the week was marked by another advance in exchange, and the market closed strong. The houses which had arranged to ship gold on Saturday sent out only one-quarter of the amount, it being conjectured that the withholding was on account of some authoritative tidings concerning the forthcoming issue of Government bonds.

Loan Certificates Lower Rates for Call Loans

The influence of the war scare on call money continued during a portion of last week. On Monday the rates again advanced. Over 75 was bid, and some transactions were made at 50 per cent. The quotations declined rapidly upon the announcement that the Clearing-House Association had decided upon an immediate issue of loan certificates. Amounts of money were offered as low as six per cent. This last rate continued through Tuesday and Wednesday, but on Thursday the range became beeween 5 and 8 per cent., and on Friday between 4 and 9. It has now advanced to 10 and 15.

Loan Certificates Since 1860

It is interesting to note that since 1860 there have been eight issues of such certificates as the banks now propose. These certificates are for the sole purpose of filling in the gap in the volume of available money during the panic. Any bank may apply for certificates provided the bank be a member of the Association. As an offset to the certificates the bank puts up bills receivable and other securities, mostly stocks and bonds, as collateral. The certificates are in denominations of $5,000, $10,000, and $20,000, and are indorsed by the bank to which they are issued.

Time Loans

In delightful contrast to week before last there was a good inquiry for time contracts last week. Six per cent. is offered generally, without regard to the period of maturity. One trust company is said to have offered time loans for the entire year at six per cent. A principal reason why the panic was so great last week in the money market was because of the calling in of loans by foreign banking houses. This was just what the "bears" wished, and they acted upon it.

Wall Street

The decline in prices on the Stock Exchange which marked the end of last week was inspired principally by the conviction that there would be no immediate improvement in the condition of the National finances. While the law to increase Government revenues may be passed before the present session of our National Legislature adjourns, that would not entirely meet the requirements of the conditions now weighing upon American financiers. The less cordial relations now existing between the United States and England have made investors feel that another bond issue could hardly repeat the operation of last February, when a large part of the gold paid into the Treasury for the bonds was brought from abroad at considerable expense and kept in the Treasury some time after the syndicate had fulfilled its contract with the Government.

A Premium on Gold

The fact that a small premium was paid for gold last week seemed to cast into the shade another fact, namely, that much of the gold which was paid into the Treasury by the syndicate of last February was done so at the cost of a slight premium. Some of it was obtained from the foreign exchange market and some from smelters and others. More than this, our own Government holds its gold bars at a premium of 1-10 of one per cent. Recently, however, the persons who have an idea of participating in the next bond syndicate have been paying ⅛ and sometimes ¼ of one per cent. for gold for quick delivery. Indeed, it was currently reported on Friday of last week that 5-16 of one per cent. had been bid for gold deliverable between January 6th and 16th, within which period it was thought payments upon account of a new bond issue might be required. The advance in rates by bullion-dealers has thus not checked the demand. Wall Street will always play its old game of anticipating probabilities, and intending buyers are thus arranging for gold with which to make purchases of the new bonds.

Why Foreign Exchange is High

In consequence of the financial flurry the week before, the conditions of foreign exchange last week were peculiar. On the part of regular remitters, the demand for sterling transfers became heavy, and cables sold at $4.91¾, a quotation reached only twice within the past few years. As a supply for the very large demand of sterling there were scarcely any gold bills in the market. The reason for this was that gold can be shipped only by presenting legal tenders drawn from the bank against remitters' checks. In several cases such legal tenders were virtually refused by the banks. The result was practically a premium on gold. The shippers were aware that they might be unable to get legal tenders from the banks because of the possibility of a settlement by the banks of their Clearing-House balances in loan certificates. Hence in order to get gold out of the Treasury shippers had much trouble in getting legal tenders from the banks. The gold exported last week was in the form of United States bars from the Assay Office, legal tenders being deposited at the Sub-Treasury for these. The result of all this was a rise in foreign exchange. While shippers of gold withdraw their bank deposits to buy gold, as a matter of fact they do not usually carry large deposits in the banks; they generally offer large checks at the banks for legal tenders with which to buy their gold. Now these checks will not buy gold, and the banks say that they do not see why they should be forced to purchase legal tenders. In order to pay for the gold the foreign shipping-houses must have legal-tender notes, and as the banks do not seem disposed to help them to get such notes, the gold export necessarily becomes difficult, and at this juncture the country becomes so much the calmer. The banks declare that there will be no outright refusal to accommodate customers, but they will discourage gold exports in every way.

Railway Bonds

The following list of the highest and lowest quotations in 1895 for fifteen representative railway bonds, though of course not showing such remarkable changes as may be noted in stocks, is of greater significance from the more conservative character of the securities:

	1895. Lowest.	Highest.
Canada Southern 1st 5s, 1908	108	112
Central Pacific: Gold, 6s. 1898	101	107
Chesapeake and Ohio: Gen. Mtge. 4½s, 1992	66	83
1st Consol. 5s, 1939	103	112
Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy: Consol. 7s, 1903	118	123
Chicago and Northwestern: Consol. 7s, 1915	138	143
Extension, 4s, 1926	98	103
Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific: Extension and Collat. 5s, 1934	100	10 7
Manhattan Elevated: Metropolitan, 1st 6s, 1908	118	123
Minneapolis and St. Louis: 1st Consol. 5s, 1934	98	105
New York Central: West Shore, Coupon 4s	103	108
Pennsylvania: Coupon, 4½s, 1921	109	116
Southern: 1st Consol. 5s, 1994	82	99
Union Pacific: 1st 6s, 1898	102	111
Kan. Pac. Den. Div., 6s, 1899	103	114

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About People

—The elevation of Sir Algernon Borthwick to the peerage is a unique event, in that he is the first man of his profession to earn a coronet. This, however, does not disparage those men, born in the peerage, who have been journalists.

—Herr Eugen Richter, the leader of the Irreconcilable Radicals in the German Reichstag, is a thick man with a round shiny face, a short snub nose, and a lot of shiny black hair. He is very fat, and has often been compared to a beer-keg. No one makes fun of his brains, nevertheless.

—The late Count Taaffe, the late Prime Minister of Austria, was an Irishman by ancestry. He was descended from Sir John Taaffe, of County Cavan, in Ireland. The second Count had his estates confiscated by Oliver Cromwell, and the third was killed in the Battle of the Boyne. It was the fourth in order who migrated with his family to Austria.

—The venerable Dr. Robert Collyer, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York City, is of English birth. His parents were London-born wage-earners who went down into Yorkshire seeking employment as mill-hands, and Robert was born there, in the little village of Ilkley. When only eight years old, he, too, went to work in a cotton-mill. He had no schooling, except two terms in a night school. He was left an orphan at an early age, but was befriended by the village blacksmith, at whose forge the lad toiled for twelve years. At night he studied and studied for the ministry. Then he began preaching Sundays, and then married and emigrated to this country.

—Chief Justice Beasley, of New Jersey, is now eighty years old, and has occupied his present office over thirty years. There is no sign of any decline in his powers. A striking illustration of his capacity was given last year, when the project to steal the State Senate was forced upon the Court for adjudication—perhaps the most momentous case which the Court had ever been called upon to consider. Day after day the Chief Justice listened to the arguments, and showed no sign of fatigue. Finally the case was finished, and, with his own hand, Chief Justice Beasley wrote the decision of the Court. The document covered some four or five thousand words, and the verdict excited the admiration of every friend of honest government.

—The most picturesque thing which any Minister of the new French Cabinet has done has been the appointment by M. Lockroy (Minister of Marine) of a sort of official minstrel to the navy. M. Lockroy declares that the sailors of the present day have no heart for their work, and that they need excitement other than grog. It therefore occurred to him that a bard might help matters, and accordingly he has engaged the Breton sailor-poet, Yann Nibor, and has sent him to Toulon to recite his lays on the war-ships of the Mediterranean fleet. Now, this Yann would have delighted the heart of "Pierre Loti" (M. Jules Viaud) as a subject for the best book he has yet written—"Pêcheur d'Islande." Yann is a huge, gaunt creature. He looks nearer seven than six feet high, and has been further described as seemingly hewn out of granite with a hatchet. Yann is the son of a carpenter of Saint Malo. In 1870 he went to sea, and it was not long before he became popular among his comrades as a songster. From this he began to compose songs of his own.

Hampton Institute

Hampton Institute will begin its course of meetings in New York the fifth of January with some new and interesting features. Its old-time plantation music, so popular everywhere, will be retained, but enriched by the addition of two female voices to the original quartette. Its negro and Indian representatives will be chosen from graduates whose special advantages have been such that their five-minute speeches, taken together, will form a sociological study of value as well as of interest.

Prominent speakers of the white race will be heard at many of the meetings, and the Principal, Dr. Frissell, will have the aid of the stereopticon in illustrating the work of the parent school, and those younger schools through the South and West that have sprung up through its influence. The meetings will be free to all, and strangers as well as friends will be cordially welcome.

Beginning in New York January 5, at All Souls' Church (4 P.M.). and at the Brick Church (8 P.M.), the party will visit Orange and Montclair and return to New York the next Sunday for an afternoon at St. Bartholomew's and an evening at St. George's. They will then make a trip along the Hudson as far as Albany, and from there go on to New England for meetings in Boston and vicinity, Saturday, the 25th, at the Twentieth Century Club, and the following Sunday evening at Trinity Church. In February the party starts for a tour through the West, spending six weeks in the principal towns between Buffalo, Chicago, and St. Paul.

The Armstrong Association of New York proposes to take the Hampton exhibit, with that of its flourishing offshoot, Tuskegee, from Atlanta to New York and exhibit it there sometime in February.

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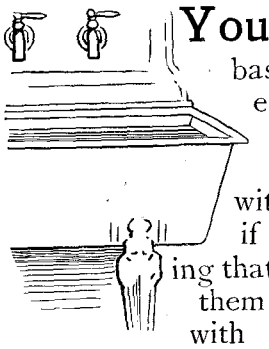

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